

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

It cannot truthfully be said that the evening papers of Toronto are violently partisan. Sometimes when an election is disturbing the equanimity of everybody the evening journals seem to be about as stiff in their partisanship as the *Globe*, *Mail* and *World*, but ordinarily it is not so. There is no special political cause of a heated condition at the present moment, and yet the *Globe* is the only newspaper in the city which has a word of apology for the Provincial Government, and the *Mail* and *Empire* alone invoke blessing upon the Opposition. Toronto may be locally aggrieved, yet Toronto is at least a tenth part of Ontario, and it is the section which sees most clearly and knows best the work which is going on in the Assembly. If for this reason alone Toronto has a right to speak and have its attitude understood, but in no case should it be treated as the black sheep of the flock.

Toronto has never misunderstood the attitude of the Ontario Government. Additional evidence was unnecessary to convince this city that the Ontario Legislative Assembly has no use for it, its industries, its peculiar necessities, or the expressed preferences of its inhabitants. On the other hand, Toronto is not bubbling over with love for the Provincial Assembly, the Administration, the Opposition, or for the individual Assemblyman, who, though he is quite one of the people when in the city, never forgets to be thoroughly rural when he stands up to vote. Of course the great majority of constituencies represented in the Legislature are rural; their interests do not appear to be identical with those of Toronto, or even similar to those of the small cities, such as Hamilton, Kingston, Ottawa and London. The Assemblyman's first effort is to please the people who elected him, but it is doubtful if in his eagerness to do this he does not go out of his way to injure urban interests which do not affect him or his at all, and which if assisted would not in the least hamper him in his canvass for re-election.

Toronto during the present session has had remarkable evidence of the unfriendliness of the Legislature, as well as of the inefficiency of the City Executive and its own representatives. This is no new thing, for every session has been made as great an affront to this city as possible, while no possible instance of the city's crude ways has been left without exposure. The fact that Toronto petitions for a thing has always been, or at least within the period which my memory covers, sufficient to have the whole Assembly, excepting a few Toronto men, some of them mutes, rise up to throw it out if the leaders say so. Yet Toronto contains fully a tenth of the population of the province, and the interest of every constituency is more or less closely connected, with those of the provincial capital. Ontario makes a great mistake in acting thus towards her chief city. Other provinces and other provincial capitals obtain favors which Ontario and Toronto cannot obtain from the Federal Government, because the attitude of the cities and counties is always that of being at daggers drawn.

It has become traditional for the Administration to allow with reluctance the city in which the Legislature meets, any of the rights for which it petitions, in order to prove that the Government is one of and by and for the rural people. The Opposition, with a parrot-like inability to reason or do anything but repeat a tradition, has worked diligently in the same field. With both the Opposition and the Government toiling overtime to prove to the rural constituencies that they are ready to apply the knout to the back of Toronto, it is not wonderful that the men representing these communities should become imbued with the idea that their first duty is to balk Toronto in every possible manner, to give it the worst of it, and to be able to go home and demonstrate by recorded votes, speeches and conduct that they were not overcome by the temptations, allurements and good living to which they were subjected while transacting public business in this largest center of population in Ontario. One can easily imagine that a vote given in Toronto's interest, though that interest might not affect a rural constituency in the slightest, might be made the basis of an attack upon an Assemblyman. Yet such would not be the case if the leaders distinctly laid down the rule that this city must receive justice, and that the prosperity and strength of the heart of Ontario's industrial enterprise must not be weakened by puerile opposition. This has not been the case. Premier Hardy has been the leader of every movement during the past session which had for its aim the humiliation of our people and city. With unnecessary alacrity, and with a devotion to the cause of damaging Toronto which has been noticed and will not be forgotten, Mr. Hardy has flaunted himself in the face of nearly every deputa- tion and discussion.

Premier Hardy may have decided to quit provincial politics, and it may be a part of his policy to bury his colleagues with him when he retires; if so, he has certainly made great progress as far as Toronto is concerned. True, Toronto has given him no supporters. Toronto is capable of doing more than giving supporters or withholding them; it is quite capable of assisting in a movement which will swamp both him and Mr. Whitney, for it cannot be forgotten that the Opposition has been no more generous, far-sighted or public-spirited than the Administration. Neither one nor the other seems at all afraid of any movement which may have an urban birth and be backed by the strength of the people who are most easily organized and certainly most ready in their subscriptions. A firm belief in the ineffectual protests of cities seems to have settled on those who govern the policy of both parties. I may be wrong, but I am quite convinced that this is a mistaken policy. It may require more than a simple statement of fact to convince them of this, yet I am quite convinced that something more than a protest will be born of the shameless disregard of the expressed wishes of a community which is large enough to demand respect and good treatment.

In other respects than those which appeal to us locally, the present Administration has not earned the gratitude nor the respect of the province. To congratulate the expiring Legislature on its acts and attitude would be to indulge in hypocrisy which would be scarcely less lamentable than that which has been indulged in by the gentlemen who are just now carrying their valises homeward. It has been most surprising to find men from constituencies where there is no public thought, nor public interest, nor personal necessity likely to be affected or attracted by bills relieving monopolistic institutions from proper taxation, proposing and supporting measures having this as their end. One cannot exempt representatives from having some design or interest outside of their constituencies when we find them supporting or even proposing this sort of thing. They had an excellent tutor in the Government which, looking for fresh revenues, has sought to take to itself taxes from corporations which should go to the municipality. Toronto itself has been robbed of from one to two million dollars of assessment by the Government's action, and Toronto being opposed to the Administration of course is an excellent mark for anything that can be done in the way of raising a revenue and injuring political opponents. The Administration, however, has tutored its members too thoroughly in the art of bailing the Toronto bear, or else it has connived at conciliating the corporations which it taxes, by placing them in a position in which they cannot be properly taxed by the municipality. To put it very shortly, the Administration has apparently done its best to take the taxes of the corporations which Toronto should have had, and to so fix it that not the corporations, but Toronto, will be the loser.

Aside from all this and the bonusing of railroads, the majority of which are more contributory to the prosperity of Ottawa and Montreal than that of Toronto, the Legislature has shown its

entire incapacity for initiating any good thing for the progress of the province or the settlement of the millions of acres which we hold and which are of no value until peopled. What happens to come may come, if it goes into the pockets of a favored few, and what does not come our way—which is the Jericho road—may go elsewhere. I am quite sure that the Government's terms to settlers are not objectionable, but the buyer is not attracted. The people who are running the Government are too busy giving out one-horse printing contracts, picking up pins in the corridors, feeding their own egotism and the purses of contractors, and posturing as gigantic people, to look after the immense things which could be done if villagers and impecunious lawyers were not presiding at the council table. It may be an unpleasant thing to state, but it is quite true, that neither the Administration nor the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature is regarded by the people of this province as anything more than an outfit of clerks and intriguers, who from accident or long continuance in the situation draw salaries which somebody must draw, but which they largely fail to earn.

As far as Mr. Hardy is concerned he has been a distinct failure as Premier, and the strong hands and the alert minds which directed the one time Government and Opposition having been removed by the departure from politics of Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. C. F. Fraser and Sir William Meredith, the whole business has degenerated into a game of marbles. The great tide of prosperity which is carrying Canada forward is passing over Ontario to such a notable extent that business people are asking what is the

situation, that if the Harby-Ross Government had had to grapple with these problems and found that providing homes, hospitals and schools for these classes referred to would have interfered with their retention of power, they would have retained power and let the unfortunates wallow in the mire of disease, ignorance and crime. There was a time when those legislating for society had to face defeat when providing funds for purposes which we now consider absolutely necessary. It is well that the decision for or against philanthropy was not left to such an assembly as has just been prorogued.

THERE are few Conservatives so devotedly attached to their party or so hateful of the present Government as to find any satisfaction in reading the wildly denunciatory speech of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper delivered last Friday week in the House of Commons. No doubt nearly all of those who become heated in political debate say or insinuate things which it would be much better for themselves, their party and the country if they entirely omitted. For an ex-Cabinet Minister and one who had been looked upon as a hope of his party to dig into the private lives of men like Major Walsh and Mr. F. C. Wade, while enjoying the privilege of Parliament, is so unusual, reprehensible and impolitic that the more time people are given to consider it the greater the offence appears. If the charges were true, or even partially true, they would be much better left unmade, for Parliament is not a court for the trying of social misdemeanors. However, to make such charges on the basis of nothing stronger than hearsay and as opposed to the

posts of great responsibility and, compared with the administration of the Yukon, lucrative. He undertook what he thought was a public duty, distinctly on the understanding that it was to be for a year only, and he is rewarded for doing his best by a shower of filth, some of which would stick to an angel from heaven, for the evidence is far away and the offences charged of a vague nature, which no man could altogether disprove without undertaking to obtain testimony from a floating population which he found it necessary to rule with an iron hand.

One can say an evil thing of a man or a woman which cannot be proved, yet infinite harm may be done to him or her, inasmuch as adequate disproof is harder to find than the slight positive evidence which may be perjured or respond to a cry for vengeance owing to some affair of which the accused has no knowledge.

The case of Mr. F. C. Wade is very similar to that of Major Walsh. He is still an officer of the Government, however, and the charge is not made, as in Major Walsh's case, against a retired official. Mr. Wade's friends feel perfectly confident that his knowledge of the law and what are his rights and what is the truth in this matter will be made startlingly vivid before he gets through with an investigation of the case. In this he is much better armed than Major Walsh, who is every inch a soldier and knows nothing of politics or of the reprisals which may be made by those who watch and wait. No one who knows either man believes for a moment that he is guilty. They are not friendly, they have records which cannot be falsified in a moment, and while they may be made to suffer politically and socially, ultimately the injury will be done to those making the charge, not to those called upon to disprove it.

IN a report made to the last sitting of the Toronto Presbytery one, at least, of the sessions said that "Sunday street cars have not resulted in so much evil as was feared." Even "Intemperance" is not regarded as seriously interfering with the work of the Gospel, but the "Wheel Nuisance" and the "Craze for Amusement" are given amongst others as the chief hindrances. One session regarded the "Sports Department of the daily press as demoralizing." Another said that the newspapers "create and feed a craving for sensationalism," while still another held that "The Saturday Issue is a Protean abomination and twin brother to the American paper." After reading the account of the meeting one is left to wonder what good these reports accomplish. At one time the Presbytery was quite unanimously opposed to Sunday cars, but the prophets who foretold evil have been practically told that the prophecies were mistaken and consequently mischievous, because one cannot prophesy and be discovered to be a false prophet without doing harm. It seems also that "Whisky" is of less damage to the progress of the Church than "Wheels" and an inordinate desire of the people to be amused. It is quite impossible to prohibit bicycles, and one really cannot see how the people's desire to be amused is to be eradicated, for if they do not find pleasure in one direction they will seek it in another. The sporting pages of the newspapers are also denounced. I never read them myself, but one can be certain that such large attention to athletics and sporting news of all kinds is due to the desire of people to read that sort of stuff and to indulge in exercise. It is not hard to remember when the newspapers contained less of this kind of thing, and it is really hard to imagine any more wearisome reading than these slangy columns if the reader is out of sympathy with the subject.

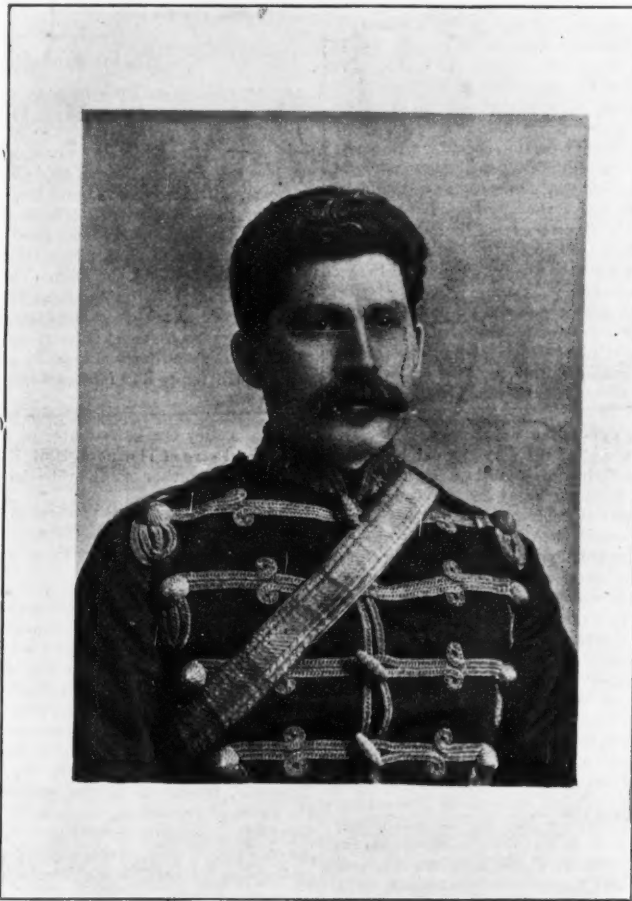
What particularly interests me is the denunciation of the "Saturday issue of the newspaper as a 'Protean abomination and twin brother to the American paper.'" Passing over the improper use of the word "American" as applied to the United States, may we ask what is a "Protean abomination"? The dictionary informs us that it pertains to Proteus, and I think the peculiarity of Proteus was the taking of many different shapes. If those who write church literature were to confine themselves to words which common people understand perhaps they would have more influence on the intellects and morals of the people. Moreover, if they dealt less in generalities and made specific charges they would make a more definite impression.

No one can charge SATURDAY NIGHT with sensationalism or a tendency to avoid the discussion of religious topics. This paper may be considered by some sessions to be a "Protean Abomination," but by many thousands of readers it is reckoned as a paper well worth buying and reading. If SATURDAY NIGHT was not meant to be included in this attack it should have been left out. What is the merit of publishing a thoroughly unsensational and clean Saturday newspaper if it is to be attacked as one of a class? What rebuke is felt by any newspaper which is publishing a Saturday edition where sensationalism is only generally attacked and no name is mentioned? The fact is that the sessions and the Presbytery and all church councils alike are too cowardly to name the newspapers to which they refer. Cowardice is the chief characteristic of modern church work, and while the sinner can sit in the pew and remain unbuked, except in a general way, the pastor denounces sin and sinners without regard to degree or having reference to whether the sin be a frailty or a profession or a business.

The Presbytery may as well learn the opinion of this "Protean Abomination" now as later. If the newspapers were afraid to specify the evils which they attack as the Church is afraid to mention by name either a sinner or a sin, no one would have any use for them. If the newspapers fail to observe the trend of human events and the tendency of human nature, with the unanimity which marks the spineless preachers, they would be passed over for some other amusement. It is quite true that newspapers are much embarrassed in truth-telling by their wealthy advertisers, but the influence of wealth on the publication of news is much less marked than the influence of wealth upon the utterance of preachers. Sensational newspapers are lamentable evidences of misguided enterprise. Sensational preachers and the talking of highly-sped and highly-prired twaddle are a profanation of the mission which God's anointed are supposed to be engaged in.

It must be remembered that the sacred oil of ordination has not been poured upon newspapers, but while the direct descendants of the apostles have had hands laid upon them to set them apart as the oracles of the Gospel, it is to be regretted that these oracles talk so much rubbish that their truths are being disregarded and attendance on their preachings and lecturings is becoming a matter of duty or relaxation from idleness, or a mere desire to obtain human contact of some sort. Few except those who have the exaltation of a pure faith within them go to hear the preacher with an idea of obtaining spiritual contact or to find a really purifying influence. If churches are to be run as clubs, let them be managed so as to include such amusements as are now luring the multitudes from their doors. If they are to be retained as spiritual improvers and means of grace and help to godliness, let the godliness of the congregation, the grace and spiritual fitness of the preacher, and a separation from the greed and worldliness of life, mark them as institutions deserving of patronage and the soul-hunger of the millions who seek rest and refreshment and courage in the dim cathedral lights, which are now only typical of the still more dim and cooling theology of men who are working for money rather than for the salvation of souls.

WHILE dealing with this phase of church-going, reference might be made to the peculiar tone adopted by the rector of a fashionable church adjacent to New York. He reproved the young people of his congregation, not for seeking amusements in bicycling, or reading newspapers, or going to theaters, or dancing, or indulging in the other things which are so generally



MAJOR WALSH.

matter with them or with those who are entrusted with that business which a man cannot do for himself but which must be delegated to a government. The good that comes to us seems to come accidentally; premeditation in the direction of affairs or in the bringing of prosperity to the province seems entirely lacking. My own opinion is that our present Government is not fit to take charge of a sandhill town, and that the Opposition, which is unable even to run its own politics, has not demonstrated any capacity.

The Government base their reason for existence upon their philanthropic and educational programmes. With regard to other things, both outfits seem to be willing to either walk or ride, crawl or turn handspins, in order to get or hold office. Both are, and always have been, willing to whistle The Protestant Boys or St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, according to the crowd in which the whistling has to be done. One outfit tumbles over the other in order to serve corporations, to exempt churches and schools from taxation, to add power to the powerful, and to bleed those whose cries will be sweet music to the pious ruralists.

Quite within the lines of just criticism and the pretensions of the two parties, let me ask what would become of the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the idiot, the founding, the aged, the incurable, if these people had to deal with them? Philanthropy has become a fixed charge upon our revenues, and the management of corrective and philanthropic institutions is one of the affairs in which the people, not the Government, demand efficiency. This phase is regarded only so far as the public are directly touched, and I am not at all afraid to assert that the blind and the deaf and the dumb, the idiot, the founding and the aged, would cheerfully be let run in the road and freeze in the ditch by the Legislature were it not that all these have relatives who have votes, who, from selfish reasons, demand that the unfortunates shall be housed and cared for as has become the custom. If it had been the habit up to the present moment to permit these unfortunate ones to inflict themselves directly upon their relatives and friends; if it had been the custom to permit children to be schoolless and illiterate; if up to the present moment no provision had been made to punish the criminal, or to incarcerate the incorrigible, the present session of the Legislature would have adjourned, as it has adjourned, without doing a single good thing for the province. I repeat it without any fear of exaggerating the

records which both men have made for ability, courage and uprightness, is certainly to unpardonably transgress the rules which men observe socially, in club life and business affairs. No one will feel more regretful of his hasty words than Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper must feel when his personal friends enquire of him how it was possible for him to be betrayed into such an unkind, ill-tempered and improper course of action. Men often become affrighted at their own words when read in cold type or repeated to them a few hours after an intemperate speech. Surely this will be the case when the younger Sir Charles discovers that men as a rule use more conventional or at least fairer, methods of paying off old scores.

To attack a man politically and to use all the devices of rhetoric to make him ridiculous or futile may not be the prettiest thing in the world, but it is allowable so long as private life is respected and yieldings to temptations which are not of the black blood in a man's veins, but belong to the frailties of the human race, are overlooked as what Mr. Foster would call "moments of weakness." Few indeed of the men who have made the highest mark in history could stand the surveillance and heartless inquisition of a private detective. Women as well as men have to thank a code sometimes less strict than the moral law which passes over an infirmity while it finally condemns and ostracizes badness of heart, cruelty, the betrayal of friends, and the malignity of lust or temper which makes life unendurable to those whom it attacks.

Major Walsh is one of the few heroes of what little Canadian history has been written. His bravery when he entered the camp of Sitting Bull, his conduct in the Mounted Police, his adaptability to the trust which he held under Conservatives and Liberals alike, are all known and have been thoroughly recognized. When he was chosen as administrator of the Yukon not a word of disparagement was heard, but the political press, irrespective of party, praised the Minister of the Interior for the appointment. In the United States and England Major Walsh was remembered, and approbation was expressed on every hand. Major Walsh himself was alone unwilling to assume the task. I met him in Ottawa the night before he was to receive his instructions, and he told me that he was convinced that he was doing a foolish thing in accepting the commission. His business, his social ties and his tastes strongly impelled him to refuse a post which he knew better than anyone else would be exceedingly arduous. It is well known that he refused other

reprobated by clergymen, but for "flirting in church." Surely a church service has degenerated to a pretty low plane when the young folks giggle and exchange meaning glances, and smirk and squeeze hands, and practically indulge in "spooning" while the presiding clergyman, standing, as he should feel that he stands, in a flood of light, God-given and soul-illuminating, talks in vain of the things which pertain to higher and more beautiful things. What more proof do we need of the ineffectual nature of modern sermonizing than is afforded by such a rebuke? Even the religious services as a performance were evidently so stupid as not to engage the attention of the spectators. If the ordained of God cannot command the attention of their auditors nor keep them while within the sound of sacred things from puerilities such as have been mentioned, then the churches and the preachers must examine themselves as to whether they are drifting. In this examination they should not forget that they are responsible for the drifting of their flocks, for the moving of those moral and spiritual anchors which must be resting in sand or they would not so quickly permit the moral and spiritual craft to go with every breeze and wind which may drift into agnosticism or on to the rocks of immorality and active opposition to the inspired Word and traditional observances.

MR. BATTY BLIZZARD, sporting editor of the *War Cry*, and Mr. Slopkins, vice-assistant-deputy-comptroller of statistics for the city directory, are said to be strong candidates for the presidency and secretaryship of the Authors' Society. It is said that such strong candidates will probably induce Hon. George W. Ross, the present president, and Mr. McEvoy, the secretary pro tem., appointed by themselves, to retire from a contest for re-election.

IT is not a matter of wonder that when the aldermen were the jury to decide whether they should be paid three hundred dollars per annum they almost unanimously decided in their own favor. The proposed submission of the matter to the electorate next January is one good thing which has grown out of the discussion of the subject, for I am quite certain that the people will say that the three-hundred-dollar-per-annum aldermen are not as good as those they used to get for nothing. The proposition to deprive the Controllers of their stipends is a mistake; what should be done is to give them more money and abolish the Council. Before, however, it will be safe to give them more money, their election should be in the hands of the people and their powers extended. Mistakes may be made, and no doubt are often made, in the selection of men by popular vote, but in the end self-interest conquers all other interests and the people choose wisely, particularly when local matters alone are considered. Sometimes in electing members of Parliament when tariffs and general taxation not directly affecting the voter strongly influence political partisanship, this may not hold true, but when the result is counted in dollars and cents a good Administration is insisted upon.

MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR SIFTON made a very complete and forcible reply to the charges made by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, and if a fault can be found with his speech I should say that it lacked vividness. Sir Charles Tupper's speech was vivid because he gave himself full rein and made charges which I imagine he cannot verify, and some of them under the most favorable circumstances should not have been made.

None but those who have lived in a mining camp can describe the conditions which exist there. The conditions may not be such as are desired, but in many places more contiguous than Dawson to what we call civilization, the social and business life has been very much worse. Those who are affected by the acute lust of gold to be dug from the earth are practically maniacs in nine cases out of ten, and they seem to forget every idea in life but the one thing, gold! The spending of it is also a feature which must not be overlooked. Those who find, imagine that they will find more; those who have not found the precious metal expect to find it to-morrow. Without regard to morals, religion, laws or anything else, they live and die, a race separate from the rest of mankind. They are gamblers, and the stakes are life, health, social contacts, everything that those of us who live at home esteem to be most valuable. The winners get great notoriety; those who fail have their only satisfaction in revenging themselves upon supposed adversaries, or upon the officials who confine their operations to legitimate lines. Is it at all wonderful that Dawson City has developed so many kickers? If, instead of inspiring scandals or publishing them, the newspapers were to tell of the awful tragedies for which no one is to blame excepting the explorers and prospectors, the public heart would stand still in amazement that men could be found who would go through such dangers and die such deaths, or live such lives.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUTSTANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Are We Governed Too Much?

About ninety-nine per cent. too much. From the trustees of School Section No. 12 to the Federal Parliament, we are governed to that state of exasperation that it is enough to make an anarchist of any man who desires to claim some little ownership of his own soul. What with municipal, provincial, and state government, the tyranny of your wife's mamma, the despotism of the church, and the inquisitorial suppression of Mrs. Grundy, a man's only chance of freedom is to bury himself in the depths of the woods, and even then he would have to take precious good care to go beyond the reach of the myrmidons of the Game Commission. Too much governed! We talk about freedom, but freedom has long since been blindfolded, bound and gagged, and is only alluded to when telling fairy stories to the children. What do we want with this endless chain of compulsory government? Protection of life and property is all that is required, and the maintenance of even that should not be compulsory, for freedom is to exist as anything beyond an empty phrase. Compulsion is the antithesis of freedom. Why all this compulsory government? How many thousands are there who have not a cent's worth of property to protect, and who are perfectly willing to take care of their own lives? Every compulsory tax, every law is an unjust infringement on freedom. As for laws, wipe them all out, save the one—do unto others as you would be done by. As for government, wipe out all compulsion and let it be voluntary, let those pay who need it. If the Premier announced that the treasury was empty, funds would very quickly pour in, and the pouring would be done voluntarily and much more proportionately by those who needed the protection, not under compulsion and disproportionately, by those who did not require it. Certainly. Let ninety-nine per cent. of our governing be knocked out entirely. Let the remaining one per cent. be voluntary. Let us have untrammelled freedom, skittles, and enjoyment.

Warren Pogue
knows of a
good place.

"there ain't no ten commandments." If you stick a postage-stamp on a wall-map of Ontario you will get an accurate conception of the extent of this goal for pilgrim feet, which is in the "back fifty," as it were, of the province. It is a popular lash six miles square and thirty feet high, and by the design of nature the poplars grow as densely as wheat-stalks in a field. It is not impenetrable. You can force your way through it. In the middle of this slash my very good friend, Buck Brown, has made a little clearing and built a tiny shack. There he distills whiskey in peace and quietude and fleers at the law. This reprobate offers sanctuary to other nefarious gentlemen who are "wanted," and they frequently avail themselves of the kindly offer. No man who does not know the secret trail from the

skirts of the slash to the clearing in the center can locate the clearing. Many men have tried, and gotten lost, and had much difficulty in reaching the open again. They have always emerged thanking God, and are not filled with a burning desire to try again to find Buck Brown's elusive clearing. Unless the slash takes fire, it is probable that this wilderness sanctuary will always be available. And it is nearer to Toronto by many miles than Mexico. I shall not set down the exact geographical location of the slash, or the secret of the hidden trail, which are useful things to know, but enquiries addressed to me in care of the editor will be answered with promptitude. I have been three times through the slash to the clearing, under Buck's guidance. It is pleasant at times to take one's hands off the guide-ropes of convention and ultra-respectability and get beyond jurisdiction.

Back sees a reform coming.

It is an ideal spot that Pogue has described to us, and it looks to me as if it would be a good place for either Major Walsh or Sir Hibbert Tupper to retire to when the truth is known. There may be lawless natives, even among newspaper men, who think that we are governed too much, but for my part I manage to do pretty much as I like. If we had over us still another governing body it might prove very useful. For one thing it could pass a law forbidding the Ontario Legislature to alter any one of its statutes in the slightest particular for the next five years. This would enable the people, the judges and lawyers to ascertain what the laws really are. Ever since I was born I have been trying to see the Ontario Municipal Act, but it has never, all at one time, been out of the printers' hands. We have, in Government by Newspaper, a system growing up that will replace the cumbersome and worn-out plant consisting of parliament, courts and councils, if we will but have patience. This will be the finest product of democracy, and the future of the Press is so glorious that I shall die, if ever, with reluctance. In that day the sporting editor will watch nations in war as he now watches pugilists, and the police court reporter will hang or discharge prisoners next morning after their arrest. Nothing swifter, simpler or more naturally democratic could be devised—and quite as good as the enacting of laws by deputations.

Defends the existing system.
—A. H. F. Colquhoun.

The person who, in a time of peace, raises a question of this kind is simply a disturber of the public harmony. To assert that we are over-governed is to imply that the past is a mistake—that the revolution of 1888, the Reform Bill of 1892, Lord Durham and Lyon Mackenzie were sources of evil instead of good. View with suspicion any man who says so, because he must be the kind of individual who would speak disrespectfully of the equator. We are governed exactly as we vote to be governed, and if we are continually voting misery to ourselves we should be the last to proclaim it. We do not admire Dogberry because he called out for someone to write him down an ass. Perhaps the query means that our system encourages the creation of too many offices. Such a charge is absurd, since there are not enough offices to go round. Or, it may mean that officialism costs too much. This theory is equally untenable, for I am unable to find a single public official who wants his salary reduced. The probability is that the question originates with those chronic grumblers who are never satisfied, who carp at the weather or the church, who want seats in the street cars, and who cannot sleep at night without a chain ferry. It is preposterous that such as they should be permitted to cast aspersions upon the glorious triumphs of elective institutions, to which we owe everything that makes life endurable—good harvests, a free press, the Ontario Government and cold storage. These we have always, or nearly always, with us. Let us discourage the habit of railing at the majority, who properly enough control public policy, except when they vote for prohibition. We are not over-governed as long as the state mercifully allows to exist men who factiously assert that this is not the best of all possible worlds, and who have been even known to deny that whatever is is right.

It is terrible, but we like it, says Phillips Thompson.

Well, it all depends upon the point of view, and perhaps that of the majority can be better defined by a little story than by a lengthy exposition. A camping party in the backwoods persuaded one of their number to act as cook on condition that the first man who grumbled at the fare provided should take his place. The cooking was very bad, but as nobody was anxious for the position there was no adverse criticism. One day, however, under particularly strong provocation, one of the boys forgot himself and broke out, "Call this stuff bread! Well of all the soggy, heavy, indigestible—but I like it! I like it!" That's about how it is with over-government. We are plundered, duped, taxed, jollied, protected, inspected, prohibited, licensed, tagged, talked at and legislated to death—but we like it undoubtedly; that is to say that the great majority of Canadians have, or think they have, more to gain, either for themselves or their friends, their class or their locality, under existing methods than under the simple, pure, economical government which some people delude themselves into thinking that they wish for. We are governed just as we—that is, of course, the majority—really want to be. We kick and grumble over particular pieces of legislation when our own toes happen to be trampled on, but as a whole we like the present system. The more government there is the more officials, the more contracts, the more expenditure, the more special legislation, the more chances to get something out of the public. Therefore over-government is distinctly popular, and the outcry against it in nine cases out of ten is nothing more than the yelp of the under dog in the political fight. How little sincerity there is in it is evidenced by the fact that a change of administration never brings about a change of system.

Certainly not, says Roden Kingsmill.

On the contrary, we are not governed enough, as you can easily see by casting your eye over the list of philanthropic societies composed of ladies and gentlemen who may not be entirely successful in governing themselves and their antipathies, but who are public-spirited enough to desire to take a hand in governing and making laws for the rest of us. Of such are the good folk of the Sabbath Observance Society, who only mistake in life is that they should have been born in the seventeenth century and should have lived in Connecticut instead of forming a part of Canada's population in these bright days at the end of the nineteenth century. What is government, anyhow? It is making other people do the thing that we consider to be good for them. It does not matter whether they think it is good for them or not. The progressive spirit of modern civilization impels us to civilize people who do not want to be civilized. We treat them with the utmost fairness, giving them an opportunity to choose an alternative. "Be civilized," say we in carrying out our noble work; "be civilized or be dead. Give up polygamy, abandon your hootchee-cochee dances at your afternoon teas or we shall find it our unpleasant duty, in pursuance of our calling and election as the representatives of a great Christian power, to introduce sections of lead into your systems from distances ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand yards." Usually they become civilized; sometimes they do not. Of course we exercise a nice discrimination in choosing our subjects. We compel niggers to abandon their nefarious practices, but the estimable Turk is permitted, without let or hindrance, to enjoy the delights of having a seraglio. Thus it is to be seen that as a race we do not carry our desire for government too far.

From the cradle to the jail, says Hugh Clark.

The excess of government confronts us at every stage from the cradle to the grave. When we are children the supply of government we receive by far exceeds the demand. Our parents and the nurse contribute more than enough, while friendly neighbors just ache for a chance to show how they would bring us up. In training children, as in running a newspaper, outsiders who have positively no concern in it at all know best how to do it. In the wider forms of government the same difficulty appears. We never believe we are governed as wisely and well as we might be if we had sole

charge of government ourselves. This ever-pressing conviction magnifies the white man's burden of over-government. It is increased again by the abnormally large number of men who in some way or other represent government. The country is full of such men. See all the legislators we have, to begin with. Note them in our municipal councils, our provincial legislatures, our Federal Parliament. Count them up, and your first exclamation will be, "An axe! an axe! My assessable income for an axe!" The sure result of a multiplicity of legislators is a multiplicity of laws. When we become older and more sober and conservative we will elect our representatives not to make new laws, but to repeal old ones. But that time is not yet. It is the confounded uniform of authority that makes one mad. Just look at that policeman trying to find out who threw the brick at him. What do his buttons and his baton mean? They mean prohibition, and that means defiance. These outward and visible signs of authority incited you to throw the brick. I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that if all officials who symbolize government in Canada were to wear badges of authority they would have to form a union to suppress insurrections among the liberty-loving minority. We can stand too much government but we hate to have it rubbed in. And, blast their buttons! we won't have it rubbed in, either.

Too many by-laws and deputy Reeves, says John A. Ewan.

When this question is put to an Ontario man it is usual for him to pull a long face and say, with an aggrieved elder brother air, "Yes, those three Maritime Provinces ought really to be amalgamated," and then he will enter into a glib series of calculations, to show what a tremendous saving in Lieutenant-Governors alone would be effected by knocking the three into one. If there is one thing more than another needed in this Dominion it is to stop the ruinous drain on our small stock of Lieutenant-Governors. The last time there was a vacancy the people at Ottawa had an awful time getting a suitable man for the job. It was found that the supply of the latest type of safety Lieutenant-Governors with low handle-bars, high gear and impuncturable tires, was completely exhausted, and it was necessary to use one of those 56 inch hard-tire bone-shakers from the Senate. We pundits who contribute to this column have solemnly concluded that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island (if that province was as big as its name it would crowd Ireland off the map) may be safely left to wrestle with their amalgamation problems while we attend to our plurality of governments up here in Ontario. Why, in this province you can't go shooting black squirrels in the fall without running the risk of dropping a deputy reeve out of a tree. The City Council of Toronto has passed some 1,000 by-laws, and law-abiding citizens like myself walking along the streets are in constant fear that they will hear a great explosion under their feet and realize that they have stepped on one of the many rules and regulations for securing the peace and happiness of citizens. There is great room here for drastic reforms, and the sooner they are undertaken the better.

Social and Personal.

MISS MOWAT will hold four public receptions this spring, on April 20 and 27, and on May 4 and 11.

Next Monday evening is to be a *la militaire* at the Portrait Loan. A squad of Amazons, in the smart dragon uniform, will give a sword and lance drill, chaperoned by Mrs. Forester, who has been indefatigable in superintending practices and arranging costumes. Mrs. Delamere will be chaperone to represent the Q. O. R.; Mrs. Cameron, the R. G., and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald the 48th. That this will be the banner evening is not hard to predict, as the soldiers and the soldiers' better halves own this community. The recruits are to wear high cavalry boots, short skirts, scarlet jackets, and every detail of the soldier's uniform is to be in perfect keeping, daring even General Hutton to find fault with its "form."

The announcement of the soon to be consummated nuptials of Miss Audry Clark, daughter of Professor Clark of Trinity, and Lord Petre of Thorndon Hall, Essex, will interest the many friends of the father of the bride-elect.

Miss Mina Isbester is visiting in the city, the guest of Mrs. Louis Jordan. Mr. H. A. O'Brien of Ottawa was in town for Easter. Mrs. Sutherland Stayner gave an Easter Monday tea to a small party.

The year before last was a three days' show, and the management of the Horse Show are congratulating themselves that the sale of boxes this year is larger than on the former date. Among the acceptances received to the invitations of the committee have been those from the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, Mr. Justice Meredith, London, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Sydney Fisher, General and Mrs. Hutton, Lieut.-Col. Mathewson; the Mayors of Toronto, Guelph, Port Hope, Owen Sound, Galt, Bowmanville, Alliston, Niagara Falls, Belleville, Brantford, Milton, and other places; the colonels of the different regiments, and other prominent persons. On this day week a morning performance specially for children will be given. Fancy drill, trained goats and pony jumping will be enchanting features for the delectation of the youngsters.

Mrs. Coldham and Mr. and Mrs. Barnhard returned from Toledo at the beginning of the week and are at the Rossin. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Douglass had an unpleasant and startling experience in a fire at their beautiful home one night recently, by which some damage was done.

Mr. Sage's dancing matinees this week for his pupils and their friends have been most successful. Everyone is praising Master Hammond's sailor's hornpipe, and several others have been most pleasing. Many smart people have spent time watching the young folks.

Dr. Oronhyatekha and his wife and daughter returned from Europe this week.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Edith Beatrice Moore of Chatham and Mr. James Frederick Cairns of Toronto. The wedding ceremony takes place at Christ church, Chatham, on next Wednesday evening at seven o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at The Bungalow, the residence of the bride's parents.

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, March 29, at No. 31 Carlton street, when Miss Eva Dunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dunn, was married to Dr. G. B. Smith of 25 Elm street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., and among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Mills, Miss Pearl Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, Mrs. Sam Smith, Miss Verna Smith, Miss Hazel Sheppard, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Horace Youmans. The happy couple left for a trip to New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and upon their return will take up their residence at 92 College street, where Dr. Smith has purchased a commodious residence.

The cake walk and musical in aid of the Working Boys' Home and the Children's Shelter at the Grand Opera House was a great success. The cake walk, which was the chief attraction, led by those two beautiful and clever little mites, Miss Hazel Muldrew and Master Melville Mathews, created a perfect furore. The little lady, with her huge poke bonnet, and her partner, with his silk hat, looked as sweet and cute as could be. This idea of the little ones belongs entirely to Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, who, with her clever daughter, Miss Josie, and Mr. Collie Ross, worked night and day to make it the success it surely was. The coon song by Miss Lillian Piper was much enjoyed, as was also the dancing of that sweet child, Miss Ollie Sheppard, who looked like a little fairy. Mr. Kurkcamp kindly gave the use of the band force, which is really one of the best in the city.

Progressive eucire, songs and recitations, followed by a dance, was an evening long to be remembered at the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McLeod, Huron street, on Friday evening of last week. A touch of spring was noticed every where in the decorations. The prizes, handsome ones, were won by Mrs. and Miss Matheson, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Tilley. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell, Mr. Hodge, Mrs. Horace Ridout, Mr. H. Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Reid, Mrs. and Miss Matheson, Mr. McCaul and many others.

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Social and Personal.
THE interest of the week is centered in the Portrait Exhibition at the Temple Building, which redounds so decidedly to the credit of its managers. It is a dignified, artistic and most interesting milestone in the march of culture in Toronto, which, as a new and not remarkably wealthy city, has yet its hills to climb to reach the heights tenanted by the thoroughly cultured. This Exhibition will become historical, and its managers will always deserve the thanks of thoughtful persons for having succeeded in presenting a judicious mingling of the interesting and instructive, and supplying at once a worthy aim and an inspiration to its attainment. I fancy that some of the thousands who have attended it during this week, and who will attend it next week, may have come to scoff, and remained to not exactly pray, but acknowledge that they have been surprised and benefited. There are beautiful, rare and interesting works of art; there have been, and will be, charming women playing hostess in successive hours and days with unwearied hearty cordiality; there has been an overwhelmingly generous response of artists for the nightly concerts, and a corresponding attendance of their admirers. Lovely flowers, exquisitely gowned women, the best orchestra in town, dainty tea-rooms, capital arrangements, comprehensive catalogues, and courteous attendants, an untiring staff of directors, many original ideas, and quaint fancies, and a healthy emulation of each evening with the other to fittingly carry out its distinguishing tone and please its patrons—all these have developed into an exhibition not only of portraits, but of living, breathing grace, beauty, talent and good will which have irresistibly appealed to our best elements. So much for the educative and uplifting force of our first Portrait Exhibition, taking it seriously. On Private View night the flower of Toronto society turned out with a unanimity most cheering to the Exhibition directors. Judges, doctors, parsons, artists, business men and financial magnates, visitors from abroad, and guests from Canadian towns, with a galaxy of beauty in ball gowns, never before seen at a public hall in Toronto unless for a smart dance, were on hand on Tuesday evening. Carriages were lined on Richmond street, crowds of down-town loungers watched their occupants as they stepped daintily down, lightly wrapped, for the evening was charmingly spring-like, and many a whispered remark and appreciative gasp was heard, as with flash of diamonds and swish of satin and brocade my lady and her escort wriggled through the plate-glass storm-gates and sailed up the marble stairs. Arrant coquettes some of these great ladies are, and they leave their pretty heads bare, and show a glance of a round white arm or a flash of a diamond necklet, or a good six inches of a silk stocking and a dainty lot of ruffles of lace and silk as they pass from door to carriage between rows of awed and grimy stagers, watched over in fatherly might by several immense policemen. "I know her; she's me Sunday teacher," crowed a towsely little xamin, as a vision in white satin and lace came from a brougham. "Good evening, Johnny," said the vision promptly, and Johnny is still walking with a stiff neck, because of his glory. Many persons who had merely "heard of" the great Temple building before this week, exclaimed at its beauty and richness. On Tuesday night a foretaste of the many quaint and becoming garbs to be worn by those amiable girls and women who have given time and money and thought to the success of the exhibition, was given by the programme-sellers, in the garb of the Directoire dames, with cocked hats over their powdered curls, long staves, tied with the Art Association ribbons, cerise and white, and business-like little bags for the consequent quarters. "Oh, buy from me!" coaxed one. "Won't you buy mine?" wheedled another, and the end was easily foretold. One gallant personage, with eyes sparkling with fun and a prodigal mind, bought a whole armful, and went about presenting them to such dames as he delighted to honor. That his name was Mr. George Sears won't surprise anybody into a fit. The people who selected the programme-sellers and chose the Directoire as their costume were in their right minds. Then, on Wednesday, Her Grace of Devonshire made the most abstemious person see double and treble and

more yet, for there were a score of her, with bewildering great hats, and snowy curls and great coiffures, and tickets for tea and for cake and for ice-cream, and they raked in the dimes with supernal grace and decision. Here was a beauty from old London, guileless of paint or pencil, her own radiant natural tints being perfect; here a piquante little belle from Deer Park, the winningest little wheedler, with her white head cocked on one side and her pretty mouth set to a coaxing angle; there a stately Hebe, with lovely "morning" face; here a slim, arch damsel from Madison avenue; and, again, a bewitching creature from St. Patrick street, a dainty little lady from Wellington street west, and a pair of graceful sisters from the same vicinity. Simcoe street sent a radiant beauty, and Yeaton Hall and Guseley House two beautiful cousins. From Barnstable came a lovely daughter of the house, and Jarvis street contributed a sweet-faced girl-duchess. Iver House also loaned a living picture full of charm, and from Ravenswood came a slim duchess, who has shared much of the thought and work leading to the triumph of the month. A charming duchess was the graceful girl from Bedford Road, and the trim pretty maiden from Wilcox street was very popular in her becoming garb. From the Queen's Park came a lovely dark-eyed creature, and from Beverley street a visiting duchess who charmed everyone, and last but by no means least, a lovely maid from St. Kits, who was a duchess to be dreamed about. Small wonder that the pictures on the wall were as naught to the young men and the old, who trotted after their Graces of Devonshire, and that at a supper party which closed the night for a score of valiant spirits the toast of the feast was greeted with shouts, "To her grace, the Duchess of Devonshire." The chaperones of the evening were Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Rowand and Miss Perkins.

An old family mansion and grounds, which are associated with one of the old families, has this week been purchased by the Western Hospital. This is the old McDonnell homestead, which shared with The Hall, years ago, in making Bathurst street one of the rendezvous of smart people. The Hospital authorities will remodel and do up the spacious and solid old place into an up-to-date hospital.

Dr. Harry J. Watson, assistant to Arthur E. Giles, F.R.C.S., Eng., at the Chelsea Hospital for Women, London, England, was on March 1 elected a Fellow of the Obstetrical Society of London, England. Dr. Watson is a graduate of Trinity Medical College, class '96.

The marriage of Mr. C. Harry Hay of the Molsons Bank and Mrs. H. B. Dalrymple Bruce, lately of Ottawa, took place on Saturday at high noon at the home of the bride, 4 Classic avenue. Only a very small party of relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. F. G. Plummer, rector of St. Thomas's church. Mrs. Bruce was attended by Miss Edith Simpson as bridesmaid, and Mr. Eddie Seagram of Waterloo was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hay went to Woodstock, Mr. Hay's home, for an Easter visit to his people, and they will for the present reside in Classic avenue, though later will take a house on the east side. Mr. Arthur Dale, father of the bride, and Miss Dale, her sister, came down from Ottawa for the wedding. Mrs. Hay is a very beautiful and clever woman, and is one of this spring's most charming brides. She is a granddaughter of the well known soldier, the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir R. H. Bonnycastle, R.E.

Captain and Mrs. Harvey Willis of Hamilton spent the Easter holidays in town. Mr. Alf. Rogers and Mr. Jack Gilmour, always leading spirits in the jolliest circles, were also welcome Easter visitors. Mr. Alec Creelman spent Easter holidays with his relatives in the Queen's Park and had an enthusiastic welcome from all his friends. Cadet Kaubach of Kingston Military College was an Easter guest of friends in Wellesley street. Mr. Selwyn Holmstead came down from Paris for Easter and was a welcome guest in his parents' home. Mr. George Carruthers spent Easter in Port Huron with his bride-elect and her family. Mr. Frank Glasco and Miss Marion Counsell, both prominent Hamilton people, are engaged to be married. Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar went to Buffalo for Easter. Mile. Van den Broeck is the guest of Mrs. Case. Miss Blackburn was unable to accompany her. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant spent Easter in New York.

Invitations were out last Saturday to the marriage of Mr. George Broughall and Miss Inez Charlotte Mitchell, daughter of Mr. W. J. Mitchell. The ceremony takes place in St. Thomas's church on Wednesday, April 19, at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at 96 St. George street, the residence of the parents of the bride.

Personal Notes from the Capital

THE engagement is announced this week of Miss Muriel Macdonald, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. D. A. Macdonald, to Mr. Chas. Panet of the Militia Department. The best wishes of a host of friends go forth to the young couple.

There has been little, if anything, going on here during the past week. The House, for one thing, has been having its Easter recess, and all those who for various reasons flock to the Capital during the session have been conspicuous by their absence during the past few days. A large drum, a few smart dinners and luncheons, and skating parties galore are all that the gay votaries of Vanity Fair have been able to boast.

Wednesday evening Hon. Mr. Foster and Mrs. Foster gave another of a series of delightful little dinner parties, which are proving quite an enjoyable feature of sessional life this year. Those who had the pleasure of being present on this oc-

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casion were: Hon. Mr. McKay, Miss McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. Brodeur, Mrs. Klock, Mrs. Rufus Pope, Mr. Clancy, M.P., Dr. Roche, M.P., Mr. Craig, M.P., Mr. McTuslin, M.P., and Mr. Powell, M.P.

Mrs. Frank Anglin of Toronto is a popular visitor to town this week. Mrs. Anglin is the guest of Hon. R. W. Scott and Mrs. Scott, and arrived in town on Saturday from Montreal, where she was visiting Lady Hingston.

Easter week always sees a number of smart R. M. C. cadets in town to spend the holidays with their people. Up from Kingston, in consequence, are Mr. Palmer, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Athol Stewart and quite a few others.

Another large and delightful At Home, that of Wednesday afternoon, was added to the list of enjoyable functions which Mrs. Fielding has been the bright hostess at this season. Mrs. Fielding, handsome in black and green brocade, with jet trimmings, received in the drawing-room, assisted by her husband in the work of giving a word of greeting to the constant stream of arrivals. In the dining-room, on a dainty table lavishly arranged with fragrant roses, were all sorts of tempting delicacies. The very large number of guests included among others: The Premier and Lady Laurier, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. Mr. Blair, Mrs. Blair, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, General and Mrs. Hutton, Sir James and Lady Edgar, Sir C. H. and Lady Tupper, Hon. Mr. Foster, Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Bergeron, Col. and Mrs. Prior.

Mr. H. A. O'Brien spent Easter in Toronto with his people at their fine old home in Sherbourne street.

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Ladies' Work Repository
47 KING WEST

violinist, came up from Montreal to spend the Easter holidays in town. Mr. Du Dumaire is being warmly greeted by the hosts of friends he made here last winter.

Hon. David Mills left on Saturday for London to be present at the marriage of that bright Canadian, Miss Eva Brodlique. Miss Brodlique was Mr. Mills' secretary for a number of years, and for several seasons represented the London Advertiser in the Press Gallery here.

Mr. John Lewis of the Toronto Globe is spending a week in Ottawa and following the debates in the House.
Ottawa, April 4, '99.

Turn Over a New Leaf
Promise yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.
One of those convenient little Soup Squares of highest quality (Lazenby's) makes 1½ pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.
Lazenby's Soup Squares
Made in England, but sold Everywhere.

Crompton For Correct Corsets
Some ladies require a better experience to make them wise in choice of a corset. After purchasing several cheaply made inferior garments and suffering from the discomfort which always attends such, they determine to wear only those made by a well known corset manufacturer. They turn instinctively to such celebrated corsets as **THE MAGNETIC, CONTOUR, QUEEN MOO, VICTORIA and YATON** to gain perfect satisfaction in comfort, durability and style.
These corsets are sold in all the stores.

We Sell Wholesale and Retail
Switches
of all long even hair—straight or wavy. Immense stock to choose from, in
Quality Unsurpassed
Ladies' Wigs, Bangs, Wavy Fronts, Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, etc., in endless variety.
Our Hair Coverings are all of the latest and most becoming designs.
For hair dressing appointments—telephone 1551.
The DOREN WEND CO.
of Toronto, Limited
103 & 105 YONGE ST.
Direct Importers of Human Hair.
Catalogue free on Application

BETTER THAN EVER
Without doubt the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at
264 King St. West.
Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will not doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out-of-town patrons who frequent this establishment.
Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. These no doubt will be very popular, being run under the same charges as before, viz., 10c. Day, 25c. Evenings, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.

ARMAND'S LADIES' HAIR-DRESSING PARLORS
Largest and best appointed parlors in Toronto. Ladies fashionably dressed for Soirees, Balls, Theater, Concerts, Weddings, etc. Ladies, if your hair is dull, colorless, dry, split at the ends, too oily, or falling out from any cause whatever, come to us and have it carefully treated. For dull or dry hair use Armand's Brilliantine. It makes the hair lovely, soft and glossy. Price 50c. and \$1.00. For colorless hair use Armand's Eau d'Or: it brightens and lightens the hair a shade or two, and improves the color. 50c. and \$1.00. For split ends the hair should be trimmed and singed once a month, which improves the growth. Gray Hair treated and restored to its original color. We have the best facilities, experience and accommodation.
We have just received a shipment of the latest style: Best Tortoise-shell, Empire Combs, Side Combs, Back Combs and Pins. Face Massage and Steaming. Our system for preserving and improving the complexion, to remove and prevent wrinkles, blackheads, acne, freckles, etc., is unique, simple and natural. Price \$1.00 a treatment; a course of 12 treatments \$10. Ladies and children's manicure parlors in connection. J. Trancie-Armand & Co., 411 Yonge, cor. Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

Manicuring and Chiropody
Best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments \$5c. each.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist.
A. A. STACKHOUSE, 114 King St. West
Opp. Rossin House, Toronto. Telephone 1882.

THE WITCH OF THE SPA



B. H. FINE

TOM BRISTOL and I had never chummed much since he came into that fortune left him by his great-grandfather on the spindle side, Hon. Hervey Powder, of Gunn Lodge, Vermont. For several months immediately succeeding his heirship he played the "heavy" in the society of the metropolis; accordingly, when he returned to my end of the State, I believed that he had seen girls, widows, dowagers, etc., enough to prevent any such episode as the following, which brought him chagrin and me the greater chagrin involved in sympathy with his case and in defeat of my prophecies.

A little spot in the mountains just over the line with an increasing reputation for its waters was our objective point one fine afternoon in October when the scenery anywhere makes you calm and stately and the tall groves with their sentinels in fatal buckram and scarlet give you the traditional Saxon tenderness, not to say mushiness, of feeling. Nowadays, however, there is little danger of either malady, for, feel as you will, the constant exhortation to use an elixir, the trumpeting of liver pills, the lauding of divers oils, ointments, and pain-killers—the capital letter call from every hillside and shout from every red barn, tend to give any but the most "patriotic" mind an uneasy thoughtfulness. We talked lightly of a pretty, city-bred miss who left us at Dayton. There was to me something vainful in the self-conscious and awkward gait, and the maid served for a text on vanity. The merest morsels were dropped for Tom, too. Tom and I have always agreed that I am not a misogynist or misanthrope, but bless us! that doesn't forbid our subscribing with equal conviction to Billy Culver's remark (dropped after handsome Nan, the ginger-snap maker's daughter of Chelsea, flitted him and took up with a vicious, vulgar vender of melons in Cambridgeport) to the effect that when the Lord meant to spoil a female soul, He gave her face, two fine eyes and her hands a mirror.

We decided, at my suggestion, to go to the cheaper hotel of the Spa, situated in the valley and called The Liberty, in distinction from its towering rival visible a half-mile away with its huge letters: Hotel Elite. But I quite regretted Tom's obdience when we walked up the long gauntlet of gazers into the crowded old-fashioned office. It was office, lounging-room, writing-room all in one. To the right of the desk was the entrance to the dining-room, a large hall with low ceiling. You might have fancied that you were at the Wayside Inn and that the host would keep tally on the board. We objected in the most approved American style to our assignment close to the roof; but to no purpose, as the house was crowded and we were reminded that only our telegram saved us from being turned away.

Although we expected to remain a week or ten days, the head waiter was unable at once to allot us permanent places at table. This gave us an admirable opportunity to observe the dramatic personae. We soon found nicknames for personal use and chatted and chaffed with the amplest impunity. At our first meal we had hardly begun our soup when two women were shown to places at the same table. I just saved Tom from bobbing his head in the Teuton style. One (the older) was diaphanous in a white dimity, with a pale green silk stock and a green sash a foot-rance, i. e., to her generous feet. She was a blonde of the kind who pin their faith on magnesia, but forget the corollary handkerchief or kid glove. She had saffron hair and an ingenuous blue-eyed glance frequent in ladies who have buried two or three husbands; so we called her the Fountain of Youth. She was accompanied by her foil, a plain-looking, goggle-eyed, huge-lipped woman with her hair in the style of the Princess of Wales. We called her The Antidote (with or without the hyphen). Tom was silly and said some very stale things. I saw that the number of girls the season before had not saved him from the vampings of susceptibility. Vain jokes are always a dismal presage.

Nothing could have been more humiliating, however, than his gentle looks toward an aggressive cyclist who resembled and imitated no less celebrated a personage than Sarah Bernhardt. We called her The Latest and her foil with an unfortunate chin passed as Judy. At the end of the room in a corner sat a lanky young woman in short skirts and of an age threatening thirty-five. She was (we noticed later) constantly romping with little ten-year-olds. With desperate attempts at the coy she would chuck her papa under the chin. We called her The Youngster. Such were the minor characters who made up the background of our pastoral. The chief

performers are yet to appear. We are merely temporizing at the stupendous task of giving anything like an adequate idea of the heroine and her retinue. There is nothing to do but pause, relax, breathe, attack with fresh courage.

II.

AS she moved into the dining-room she rapped Judy on the cheek with her gloves and trilled out the merriest ripple of laughter. She was petite, white-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-haired, with the most reasonable aquiline nose in the world. She arrived; she didn't walk, amble, glide, gallop, or slide. Her hands were aimless as toys and the fingers somehow hung off her hands like glass pendants off an old-fashioned chandelier. She was followed by a tall beauty, as brunette as the former was blonde, who stole along like a mouse, so delicate, yet rapid was her progress. Said I, "The Mouse." They sat at the table with the heavenward-glancing Latest, who, I half thought, imagined some angel responsive to her ogle, so conversational were the glances and winks.

"What's the matter, Bristol?" I asked, faintly.

But where lay the need of asking? Tom salted his coffee and buttered his mushrooms. That was too much; I knew the sequel and I hurried away to consult a time-table in the office.

A little later, as I sat on the broad veranda, and began to smoke, meditatively, an eager, preoccupied young man passed frequently before me. He would puff away half a cigar, toss it away, relight, puff away as before, and with the same result. Finally, he came up and addressed me:

"You're going over to the Casino this evening, aren't you? They—they have a dance—a dance—every evening."

I looked up mildly and made no reply. He knew me, I recalled, however, the fact that his people had chosen me to go along; and, after a pause, I said, very deliberately:

"Yes, Tom Bristol, I am; for I see you are bound to make an ass of yourself."

"Hold on, Luke. Don't mix up ears here."

"Tom, I want you to understand me. I came here to rest and enjoy a quiet smoke. I don't care to meet people. If you insist on scraping up acquaintances by speaking to Laura, Hattie, and Mabel, and heaven knows what other miscellaneous, count me out."

"Now, my side. We came here, both of us, to take a calm look at people, and to behave decently. You act as if I were a criminal; but I'll be dashed if I shouldn't rather make a blunder than act the snob. Who cares a fig that your blooming great-something-or-other honored Plymouth Rock with his feet? The world is here to live in, talk to, laugh with. I'm going to dance to-night. I hope you understand that. The prettiest girl and the plainest are going to have as good a time as I can give them. You can sit here, and puff at the moon all you please. Ta-ta!"

There was, of course, no answer possible. Reason never refutes passion, and with dismay I saw Tom prance off the length of the piazza over the covered way into the Casino. The Fountain of Youth, The Antidote, Judy, The Latest, The Youngster, fled past trippingly. They moved as the van to The Witch and The Mouse, who duly followed, elate with certain triumphs. Here and there anon a man strayed after as the music of the two-step fell on his ears. I found myself alone. Something told me to watch proceedings. Before entering I stopped to peep in at the windows. Tom and The Mouse, The Mouse and Tom were whirling about in a waltz. Between disgust and despair I felt my head swim. The music stopped. Tom walked out to promenade with The Mouse. I sank into a chair in the shadow of a post, and when the two-step again began, I entered the hall. Tom was just leading The Witch to position. I mused like a black crow. She wore a light organly with puffs at the shoulders. Rows of tucks ran up the border of the skirt. The figure in the cloth was a kind of spiral which, as she gracefully wheeled, became alive, and attracted the eye like a squirming, or towering or revolving snake. The effect was no less noteworthy, because she had chosen the design artfully. I owed myself weak enough to grant her interesting, and I frankly admit no step could have been more evenly airy, no motion more listless, no poise more delicate, as she yielded herself like a boat to the bantering music.

I left, and smoked a cigarette, nervously.

At 11:15 Tom escorted The Witch past me. At 11:22 he was at my side exuberant with confidences, but as silent as a rock. The Witch was, as I have mentioned, a decided blonde. Accordingly, before we went to sleep, I broke

the silence with:

"Well, so you had a gay time with the fair Jewess?"

III.

IHAD been careful to note that The Witch was open to proposals from light-headed youth and I had no doubt that, if she were to wear all the engagement rings she possessed, she could never behold the gentle moons on her nails.

I overheard her say that she was too weak in the morning to walk to the spring. Nor would she have been human to dance until eleven and yet be able to walk regularly to the spring. I resolutely declined an introduction. Tom asked my reason for such pig-headedness.

"Do you know her name?" asked I.

"Certainly, Mlle. de la Lunette," he answered in an injured tone.

"Tommy, when you're engaged, lead me to her and my hat scrapes the floor."

He didn't march me straight off to The Witch as I expected, but an unusual reserve marked his demeanor. I dryly asked him:

"What did she say when you—ah—asked?"

"What d'ye mean?" he retorted in a fury.

"Will I overheard The Fountain of Youth and The Antidote purring over your discomfiture?"

Tom settled down at once. He roared like a pined dove:

"Her mother comes to-morrow."

"And the decision rests with her?"

"I presume so."

"Tom, introduce me to your new male chums over there in the corner, will you?"

"No, I won't."

"Then I will introduce myself; they are her friends."

He at once elevated me to the seventh heaven, which held his friends, Benjamin Aaron and Simon Langrueck. They were both pleasant-mannered fellows, the former especially handsome. Tom appeared very self-conscious and pained, but they suspiciously easy. I began:

"Mr. Aaron, are you a friend of Miss Lunette?"

He was. Would I care to meet her?

"Not at present; she is so dazzling, you know, that I'd like to get used to her glory at a distance first."

"Her mother comes to-morrow," added Mr. Langrueck, "and then her campaign begins in earnest, or—ends." The last word was uttered with significant emphasis and accompanied with a merry twinkle.

"Do you know, Mr. Walker, what she calls you?" asked Mr. Aaron.

I professed immense interest in her choice of epithets.

"Doom," he said, rhetorically.

Tom chafed more and more under the whip, and I found occasion to leave him in the hands of his friends.

The next day was Sunday, and, as usual, we were late for breakfast. This was, then, the momentous day on which Tom was to learn his fate. Looking up from our porridge, we saw enter the room an elderly, yellow-haired, black-robed woman, followed by The Mouse, The Witch, and a dark, strange young man who resembled The Mouse enough to be her brother. The girls faintly recognized Tom and, in fact, patronized his effusive bow. Tom became nervous and hardly dared look toward their table.

"Mme. Lunette?" I inquired aloud.

"But who is the man?"

"Don't know," blurted Tom. "I'll have her introduce him."

As I was anxious to talk with the prehistoric lady, I whispered:

"Count me in."

We manoeuvred for a place on the front piazza. At length they came out. There was an awkward pause, during which Madame Lunette looked away as carelessly as a criminal. Mlle. Lunette advanced and presented Tom to her mother, Mme. Email. She next directed Tom's attention to the dark-complexioned young man, and said with a razor-edged precision:

"Allow me to present Mr. Bristol to my husband, Mr. Lunette."

Tom doesn't remember that he presented me to the charming circle, but he did.

Just before we left town the following afternoon, we stepped into the apothecary's. Tom had a headache. As my eye ran over the advertisements and pretty bottles on the cases, I read this legend:

"Use Mme. Email's Face Lotion, Skin Cure, Hair Grower, and Nail Beauty. Price, one dollar each. BEAUTY MEANS LOVE."

I indicated it to Tom. His eyes fell. I promised not to let his people know. —Philip Becker Guetz, in Vogue.

Horrified old lady—Oh, kind sir, think of your mother! Think of your mother! Bursler (sternly)—No use, lady; I was brought up in an incubator.—Tit-Bits.

Caller—Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment? City man—You can't; she's engaged. Caller—That's all right—I'm the fellow.—Illustrated Bits.

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The Every-Day Critic.

Pick-Me Up

THE old-time critic was supposed to be a sort of surgeon-barber who let blood when an author was too full-blooded, but cases have been known when the critic stabbed the author to the heart. But the critic makes a mistake nowadays, when he is no longer a surgeon-barber, but a sort of up-to-date doctor. The poor, struggling, anaemic author he too often bleeds unmercifully, thereby destroying what good there is in him; but the heavy, bloated creature who needs blood-letting he spares and feeds with undeserved praise. Consequently, a critic who will stab all round, and I am quite capable of doing so, deserves praise for finding some among those he attends who deserve the operation. Therefore, to myself be much praise given. I have said it, and it is a genuine wish.

Once upon a time I had a critic of my own. It was during those golden days that flash into the lives of all of us: the days in which we write verse, and let our thoughts flit among the writings of Keats, Shelley, and Browning with a sort of large-hearted pity for those who strove so hard and attained so little.

I used to send my poems to my private critic, and he used to send his verses to me. I liked his work and he liked mine, and for a while we were beautifully comfortable and happy. Then I began to feel that I was not doing my duty by him, and I began to look for faults and I found them.

Here and there in his eulogies, I began to insert caustic comments, upright, vivid, and pungent, like a bird's-eye chilli. I was aware, as the weeks passed on, that the love between us was not what it had been, but I persevered for his sake. Then one day he sent me some blank verse. It was all about a shepherd, who, at great length, indeed, with extraordinary garrulity, requested his lady-love to descend from her habitation upon the hill, to meet him in the valley. I wrote to my young friend as follows:

"Your verse is not without a certain grace of expression, but was it, really, was it worth while to give your time and thought to so trivial a subject? Poetry is something more than you think. Nowadays we want poems to mean something, something good, and strong, and worth something. We don't want to hear of a shepherd pulling about his sweetheart living on a hill, and then your fearful lines: 'And cease to glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine To sit a star upon the sparkling spire.'"

"Now, my good Theodore, the idea of an able-bodied shepherdess sitting on a spire, is absurdly grotesque. It would be uncomfortable, and she couldn't do it, and if she could she'd look ridiculous. Then look at the line, 'In a single line—sit, star, sparkling spire.' The line fizzes like a bottle of soda-water. Then mark the repetition of sound."

"To sit a star upon the sparkling spire." Horrible! You must try again, Theodore. Don't be discouraged."

He wrote back to say that the lines occurred in a rather well-known thing of Tennyson's, and that as he had long suspected me of envy, malice, etc., he had chosen this method of exposing my base motives.

I have no private critic now.

Good-Bye, Dear, Good-Bye!

BUT few people know how to make leave-taking easy and rob it of its attendant drawbacks. Here is a story of a lady bidding a family good-bye.

"Well," says the visitor, without rising, "I must be going," and immediately proceeds to sit ten minutes longer, talking on a variety of subjects.

"I really must be going," she says again.

No one had said she should not go when she said the first time that she "must."

But still she lingers, having betthought herself of something she wants to say about a trifling matter.

"Well, I must go," she says for the third time. This time she rises.

"I must go now—what a pretty cushion this is. Did you make it yourself? How lovely it is. Do tell me how it is done," and she actually sits down again.

The fourth time she says "I must go," she really walks to the door. Then she turns and says:

"Be sure and come to see me soon. How pretty your room looks. Lovely day, isn't it? Have you noticed how much warmer it is now than it was this time last year? Oh, by the way, have you been to the new play yet? No? I haven't either. We went to hear the lecture one night. It was really good. They say the concert on Friday evening is to be splendid. But I really must go."

After the door is opened for her she stands on the steps and says:

"Oh! I'm so glad spring is on the way. Though what a mild winter! Give me summer. What a pleasant street this is. You have taken in your plants, I see; so have I. Some of mine

"No Adulteration"

Its Fine Flavor is Its Natural Bouquet.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

From the gardens of the finest tea producing country in the world.
Sold in Lead Packets Only. All Grocers. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.



don't look very thrifty. Well, I must go. Good-bye."

"Good-day."

"I had no idea of staying so long. Why, I must have been here an hour, and I had planned to go to so many places this afternoon. I really must hurry away."

And at last she is off, to the infinite relief of her hostess.

A Depressing Season

It is Just Now People Feel Most the Effect of Long Months of Indoor Confinement.

Winter is the most trying season of the year so far as health is concerned. Confinement indoors and overheated and impure air, make even usually strong people feel dull, languid and generally run down.

A tonic is needed to assist nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of the most service. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only true tonic medicine. They do not purge and thus further weaken the already enfeebled constitution. These pills make rich, red, energy-giving blood, and transform listless, tired and worn-out men and women into smiling, healthy, happy work-loving people.

E. Sims, of the Salvation Army, Kingston, writes: "At the time I ordered some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was physically run down. I felt a lack of energy, and always had a tired feeling. After using your pills for a time I felt as well as ever I did."

Thousands—some of them your neighbors—have been made well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but you must get the genuine, which are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Entitled to a Drink.

"TRUTH, crushed to earth," will do well if she always rises as rapidly as a young man who was crushed in one of the New York superior courts. This young man, says Stray Stories, had a delicate, straw-colored moustache, and his hair was parted in the middle and glued down to his temples.

He sauntered carelessly into the court-room, eyed the judge through his glasses, and took a survey of all the attorneys. Then he walked up to the bar and poured out a glass of ice water.

The judge, who is nervous and testy, had observed the young man, and frowned down on the glued hair and glasses. The young man was just raising the glass to his lips, when the judge roared:

"That water, sir, is for attorneys and other officers of the court!"

The glass almost dropped from the young man's hand. He started violently, turned red, then placed the glass on the table, and walked out of the court. The judge chuckled.

Half an hour later the young man entered the court-room again with a roll of parchment in his hand. The judge glared at him savagely, but

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the young man never flinched. Finally there was a lull in the proceedings, and he addressed the court:

"Your Honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish to submit to the court my certificate of admission to practice in the Supreme Court and all other courts of this State," and he passed the parchment to the clerk.

"Well, what of that?" growled the judge.

"Now, your Honor, having presented the proofs of my admission to the bar, I would move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher," and he calmly drained the glass of water he had left on the table.

Attacked by Ants.

John Hill, who died at Bingara, N. S. W., the other day, had an experience not uncommon in Australia, but more hideous than the most superfluous horrors devised by the most ingenious of the Grand Inquisitors. Hill was a prospector, and whilst digging in the face of a hill was dreadfully injured by a fall of earth. Whilst he lay, partly covered with dirt, and unable to move because of his hurts, he was attacked by a nest of ants, and for over an hour millions of the voracious insects simply fed upon him. The wretched man died shortly after being rescued. There is a case on record of a Ballarat wood-carter being found under his overturned dray and suffering fearful torment. He was attacked by ants, and would certainly have succumbed had it not been for his dog. The animal, a cattle dog, only discovered what was wrong after several hours, and then by persistently scratching at the stream of ants on the ground and licking the insects from his master's face and arms kept him comparatively free till help arrived.

"What! A man with a nose the color of yours expects me to believe that he has lived on water for three months?" said the lady at the door. "Yes'm," said the tramp; "you see, I'm a sailor just ashore."—Yonkers Statesman.

Returned naval hero—The next thing I remember was the order, given by the admiral himself, to flood the magazines. Listener—Yes, and every one of you, from the admiral down, is still engaged in carrying it out.—Life.

Farmer (with wife and two children)—How much fer tickets for the young uns? Railway ticket seller—Between five and twelve, half fare. Farmer—Gosh darn it! Mandy, we'll hev tew wait till ter-morrer—it's half-past twelve now!—Brooklyn Life.

Perfection Reached

Figure it out. In a life of 70 years, 24 years 94 months are spent sleeping, or rather more than one-third the time in bed.

You can be supremely comfortable every minute of those years if you sleep on an Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress.

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has more real wear in it than the combined wear of any other three bindings put together. The extra thick and hand-some Brush Edge takes the wear and the S.H. & M. Bias Velvet gives a finish of elegance unsurpassed. The two are united as to secure a NATURAL CURVE which causes the binding to fit the skirt like a part of it without pucker or wrinkle.

When you buy a ready-made skirt, be sure it is bound with it, and look for the label "S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge Binding." It is the mark of skirt quality. It would not pay to put lasting binding on a skirt of shoddy fabric.

S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.

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Superior in quality, fit and workmanship. Tailor cut. Hand made. All sizes and lengths to suit all figures.

At nearly all Dry-goods stores. Any dealer can get them for you. \$1 to \$30 a pair.

Lost flesh lately?
Does your brain tire?
Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted?

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

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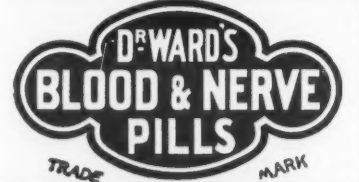
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A Talk with Ernest Seton Thompson.

Charles Battell Loomis is the Critic.

THE place to beard lions is generally in their dens, but Ernest Seton Thompson, the naturalist and lecturer and animal painter, does not live in a den but literally in a cage, and until you can pass the iron lattice work that guards him he is safe from intrusion. In other words, his studio is approached by a flight of stairs that is incased in heavy wire netting. Once in, however, you will find that although he is undoubtedly a lion you shall not hear him roar, although he can imitate about every animal that man has hunted.

The great naturalist is a tall, slender, well-knit man, with cavernous eyes, bright as an eagle's, curved and heavy eyebrows and the abundance of hair that seems to come to those who are much in the open. A diminutive goatee lends piquancy to an interesting face. And the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known" does not belie his expression.

"I'm afraid that I have come at an inopportune time," said I. The day was Washington's Birthday, and holidays are esteemed of artists and pen workers generally as a time to get in some good licks of work.

But if Mr. Thompson was disturbed at his work he did not show it and an admiring reference to some of his spirited paintings of wolves in action launched him on a most interesting talk about the animal which not even Mowgli knows better than he.

I had no intention of interviewing him, and it was not until some time afterward that I requested permission from him to set down some of our conversation; so this article will not run on conventional lines, and those who wish to learn when he first began to seek the acquaintance of animals, when he painted his first picture, or sold his first article, or what is the name of his favorite author will have to find out elsewhere.

I happened to say that I had read that Rudyard Kipling did not care for animals, and Mr. Thompson doubted the accuracy of the assertion, saying that he and Kipling had chatted about animals in a way to show the love of each for the subject. They had compared notes about the jackal and the coyote, and had come to the conclusion that they were first cousins. For the coyote stops hunting when the wolf begins, and waits for the crumbs that fall from the master's table, just as the jackal waits on the tiger's overnights of food.

"Some night when you are in camp," said Thompson, "you will be hearing a chorus of coyotes." Here he yipped like a coyote. "Suddenly you hear the long-drawn crescendo of (ing imitation), and in an instant (ing imitation) and in an instant every coyote stops his noise as if drilled in doing it. They are through." I thought what an example for unruly children—and others. "The noises that shut up the coyotes, however, but serve to excite the dogs, and they dash out into the darkness with expectant yelps." (Capital imitation of the dogs.) "They do not stay out long, but return with their bristles extended and a strange look in their eyes."

"Has the wolf merely shown himself to them or has he chased them?" I asked.
"Oh, he's chased them. When they first came upon him he crouched on his fore feet much as a dog does when a stranger comes up whose intentions he cannot fathom, and then he slowly rose to his full height and glared at them in a wolfish way to make the bravest pause. Then, perhaps, he turned and trotted off, looking over his shoulder provokingly, and it may be that one of the dogs followed him, but the further he followed the less chance of his ever going home again."

"The wolf would finally turn on him?" I asked.
"Exactly. He'd turn and overtake him if he ran, and dismember him with a single chop of those terrible jaws. Well, the dogs, as I say, would come back to camp and would growl a little (growl, growl) if they heard the howling again, but while they might make little reints of dashing off they would not go far."

"You spoke of the coyote. What is the pronunciation of the word?" Is there an accent on the last syllable?
"Not as Americans pronounce it. It is rather interesting to watch its change from a sonorous, three-syllabled Spanish word 'co-yo-tay' spoken by a leisurely Mexican, to the business-like 'cayot' of the southwest, and finally to the clipped 'kiute' of the Dakotas."

"Your speaking of the coyotes stopping their chorus together reminded me of a concerted noise that I used to hear when I kept hens on a large

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scale," said I. "I used to go around at night to shut up the different pens, and I was often followed by my favorite cat, a big, black tom. I could tell without looking whether he was at my heels, for the hens would give a peculiar warning cry that they used for no other purpose, and which obviously meant, 'Look out for the cat!'"

"And yet you deny that hens have instinct?" (This referred to a statement I had once made to him, denying instinct to the barnyard fowls.)
"Oh, I don't say that they have no instinct. I merely say that it is misplaced, or else why will a heavy-footed Light Brahma or a Black Langshan hen trample her young to death and answer their despairing peeps with motherly clucks instead of looking down at her feet and removing the pressure?"

"Well," said Mr. Thompson, "contact with man for generations has undoubtedly dulled the edge of their instinct. In the game fowls, which come nearest to the original jungle fowl, you will find many highly developed instincts."

"To return to our—wolves," said I. "Is it possible to make friends with a wolf in his wild state?"

"Oh, no. The wolf wants as little to do with man as possible. If other animals had been as cautious and as cunning as he, there would not be so many exterminated species to-day. The wolf has made up his mind that man is a good thing to let alone. He won't even touch anything that a man has handled. If you shot two rabbits and handled one and left the other as it had fallen, without touching it, you would find that the wolves would devour the untouched one down to the bones, but the one that smelt of man would be left intact."

There is a charm in Mr. Thompson's conversation that cannot be transferred to the printed page because in reading one does not get his mimetic ability, his enthusiastic manner or his speaking eye. Thus when he described the chase of a wolf by a pack of hounds made up of different breeds, he illustrated the varied methods of breathing of the pursuers or he gave the memorable howl of the pursued in a realistic fashion.

Sparrows and Strategy.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Bazar.

THE sparrow's fall, according to the Scriptures, is a matter for both divine and human interest; and though as Thoreau points out, every sparrow actually falls sooner or later, there is just now a peculiar interest in the process. It is less than half a century since the first supply of the English sparrow was brought to America by the Brooklyn (New York) Institute, and since then they have taken care of themselves. At this day four great States of the Union are trying to exterminate them—Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Utah. These States pay a bounty nominally on sparrow-heads, but practically on multitudes of small birds' heads which boys bring in. Illinois and Michigan have together spent, during ten years, \$117,000 in thus tutoring children in cruelty, without perceptible diminution of the sparrows. Three million are computed to have been killed in that time, but what are they among so many? In the island of Bermuda, which has an area of less than twenty square miles, a similar attempt was made only ten years after the bird had been introduced, and after spending \$25,000 it was abandoned. If

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are eagerly sought and eaten by the sparrows. The sparrows do not especially desire to build on houses, and will take quite as readily to boxes on barns or poles. In Boston, where the latest move has been made for their destruction, it is found that the consequent sympathy created for the sparrows has been so great that undoubtedly four times as many of them have been fed since the crusade set in as had been the case before, while the newspapers have been filled with appeals in their behalf, eight of these

appearing lately in a single number of the Daily Evening Transcript. Moreover, the experts themselves are divided, and the late Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, probably the best field naturalist of his time in Boston, always maintained that the English sparrow did no mischief, and did not drive other birds away.

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John Catto & Son, Toronto, have always been noted for their Scotch tartans, the firm maintaining the largest stock of historically correct family plaids on the continent. They have just issued a catalogue in connection with the mail order department which shows that plaids, while as important a specialty as ever, are but a small department in a large but exclusively dry-goods business. Millinery, mantles, woollens, silks, white goods of every description are described and illustrated in a manner that is almost as satisfactory as visiting the store oneself, and twice as convenient. The catalogue has on a fashionable purple cover, as befits the spring, the lettering being embossed in white.

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Can We Make Our Own Music?



THE Case of the Associated Board is the title of a pamphlet just published in Toronto by Mr. Samuel Aitken, honorary secretary of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, England. We received our copy of the pamphlet on Saturday, April 1, and Mr. Aitken left, I believe, on the same day for England. The editor of the department of music in SATURDAY NIGHT has continuously opposed this musical invasion of Canada ever since the scheme was first introduced to us as a philanthropic and imperialistic movement of the first importance.

But this question is not one that concerns musicians alone, and if Mr. Aitken is now on his way back to England to exhibit his pamphlet as a true description of the state of things at the time of his departure, it becomes necessary for others than musicians to take a hand in the discussion. If the controversy between Mr. Aitken and all the leading musicians of Toronto and Montreal had not waxed so bitter, the newspapers would have discussed the subject editorially, but now that both sides to the dispute have published pamphlets the newspapers may get a chance to say something from the standpoint of public policy.

It is necessary to caution the English press and the officers of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. that although Mr. Aitken has apparently printed his pamphlet in and for Canada, it appears to us to be wholly designed for effect at home and not here. Mr. Aitken's letters in the Toronto papers appear to have been written more with a view to the couple of dozen copies that could be sent home than to the thousands of copies that circulated here and left people wondering what on earth he meant by describing our leading musicians as pigmies and alluding to unheard-of persons as possessing great merit and influence musically. In writing those letters Mr. Aitken was not unlike the touring Englishman who got photographed, rifle in hand, and with a stuffed bear lying abjectly beneath his foot—the photograph fooled nobody in this neighborhood and was not expected to, but perhaps it greatly excited his relatives at home.

The pamphlet from first to last bears evidence of having been written for England rather than for Canada. In the pamphlet he states that of several hundred musicians in Toronto only twenty-one have signed the protest against the Associated Board, and that all these signatures are not genuine. In Toronto this is well known to be untrue, for the protest was printed long ago and circulated widely, and appended to it are the names of fifty Toronto musicians, including, without exception, every name familiar to the music-loving public. To say that any of these names are used without authority is simply absurd. Scores of other names could no doubt have been secured if desired, and the proof of it is that Mr. Aitken, after searching all the by-ways of music in Ontario and Quebec, can only produce ten letters endorsing his project, and five of these are published anonymously. Why are these commendations anonymous? Let the English reader enquire as to this. Would the names of the authors carry no weight, or are the authors afraid of public sentiment? If the names would provoke local ridicule the letters are valueless, and if public opinion is feared, then public opinion is not with Mr. Aitken. He cannot plead the privacy of these letters, for his pamphlet is largely made up of abstracts from private correspondence.

The only musician of acknowledged standing quoted in his favor by Mr. Aitken in his pamphlet is Mr. J. E. P. Aldous of Hamilton, and Mr. Aldous, it may be added, is assisting in the formation of a national examining body which will make the Associated Board unnecessary even in the sight of its anonymous admirers.

That the pamphlet is designed for English readers is further shown by the stress Mr. Aitken lays upon the fact that Mr. C. A. E. Harris of Montreal and Mr. Ashford Jones of Toronto have challenged the leading Canadian musicians to public discussion, and these challenges have not been accepted. Here this is only funny; in England it may read well enough. I would remind the English reader, however, that Mr. John Kensit has challenged several of the foremost English bishops to meet him in discussion and that these challenges have not been accepted. The cases are quite parallel, as Mr. Aitken must know very well.

The fact is that the scheme of the Associated Board is at variance with all Canadian impulses, and any other man than Mr. Aitken would have retired some time ago convinced of this. He has been attacked in ways that surprised him, and

his retaliations produced equal surprise. He came with a project said to be made up of philanthropy and imperialism, but when it was stripped it was found to have a strong business framework. Self-interest caused established musical organizations to oppose the innovation. One side tried to take a business advantage of our imperialistic tendencies; the other tried to take a business advantage of our patriotic impulses. There is this difference, however, that public sentiment leans decidedly towards our own institutions, and if Mr. Aitken makes any other report to his co-workers at home he fatally misleads them in the matter. That he gained wrong impressions while here is not to be doubted, for he created his own atmosphere and carried it with him, furiously driving away from him any who failed to concur in the views which he brought with him and unpacked with his wardrobe. He refused to try to understand. He might have learned that Canada is working out her own problems in a way that, if not satisfactory, is at least encouraging to those who are engaged at it. He might have learned that here public admiration for our system of education is more than a weakness and almost a vice. From our Public schools that dot the country even into the northern wilderness, up to the universities, we have a comprehensive system that we are not ashamed of and which is our own. We made it and we call it good. We confer our own degrees in law, medicine, theology and the arts and sciences, and are not afraid to attempt the conferring of our own degrees in music. To let this pass into outside hands would destroy the symmetry of our institutions. The Conservatory of Music and the College of Music in Toronto are already in affiliation with the Provincial University. We are, as I have said, working out our own problems, and jealously assert the right to bungle them if we choose.

This invasion of our musical domain by the Associated Board, especially in view of the dogged persistence of Mr. Aitken, seems to have been undertaken with the idea that Canadians are just where they were a hundred years ago. Indeed, it resembles nothing more than a scheme which might have emanated from Louis XIV. in dealing with his French colony along the St. Lawrence. It rubs Canadians the wrong way, and it does it at the wrong time. Respected names have been used to reduce us to a state of awe, while names of our own, and respected among us, have been traduced quite unnecessarily. Of all our foremost musicians there remains but one who is described by Mr. Aitken as "a musician, a University man and a gentleman," also "an esteemed gentleman." We had prided ourselves upon the possession of many. A letter from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been used upon our musicians as a reply to their arguments and as a queller of rebellion. We cannot believe that His Royal Highness was aware, in authorizing that letter, that he was taking part in a very bitter discussion. His Excellency the Governor General has in the same way put himself at variance with whatever public sentiment on this subject exists in Canada. Why should Royalty, or Vice-Royalty, come into conflict with us over such a matter? At the risk of being suspected of treason we must continue to assert that we are capable of doing, and determined to do, our own examining in music as we do our own examining in arts, law and medicine.

It may be added that on Easter Monday about one hundred prominent musicians from various parts of the province met in St. George's Hall, Toronto, and organized under the name of The Associated Musicians of Ontario. There is to be a national council for the conduct of examinations in music under the auspices of the University of Toronto. Public sentiment in Canada will back this organization against all comers, because every musician of influence in Ontario is engaged in the movement, and because it is a natural development of our institutions. If the Associated Board still refuses to withdraw, the end of it will inevitably be a severance of all ties between music in Canada and in England.

Most Embarrassing.

ONE Sunday morning a Toronto lady and a friend from the country set out to walk to a distant church in the city. They were some time reaching their destination and, fearing that the service must have commenced, agreed to slip into the first vacant seats they could find. Accordingly they entered the sacred edifice and were just going to sit down when they heard someone call out:

"Come up higher."

The ladies hesitated, torn between modesty and a desire to take advantage of so literal and unusual a fulfillment of the scriptural promise to those who take the lowest seat in the synagogue.

The country lady signed to her city friend that they had better respond to the invitation. She thought their hesitation must have been noticed, for a second time the voice cried out, "Come up higher," and took a few steps forward. She was therefore a good deal surprised when her companion suddenly clutched her by the arm, and with some degree of force made her take a humble seat near the door. A moment later a burning blush suffused her face and she grasped the fact that no one in the congregation cared where they sat and that she had merely heard a reverend professor of Trinity College giving out the text of his sermon.

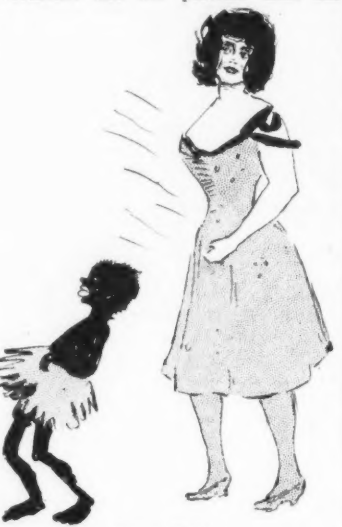
"Sire," said the pretender's secretary, "I am afraid we are losing ground." Don Carlos frowned, and then asked: "What! Has Spain gone and relinquished another batch of islands?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

Dobbs—There's a man who shaves several times a day. Wiggin—You don't mean it? Should think there'd be nothing left of his face. Dobbs—It doesn't hurt his face at all. He is a barber.—*Harlem Life.*



THE French maid at the Grand this week is the stage French maid as we have frequently seen her. To be strictly frank, however, and to run the risk of making myself extremely unpopular with Miss Anna Held, I fail to find anything immoral or sensational in the performance of that young lady. She is pretty and got up regardless, as the saying is, but she is not overly wicked; she is only about the size of a costly wax doll and she can't sing in the ordinary sense of the word. She is not half as magnetic as the girls from Paris we have seen, nor half so suggestive of wickedness. But then she is French, and hardly understands how wicked we suppose French maids to be. However, I am not kicking at innocence and virtue. Far from it. How could I? I have been nurtured on the melodrama and fed on heroic morality too long for that.

The French Maid is not an opera; it is a conglomeration after the style of The Circus Girl, with little music and lots of lavish display. The fun lies mainly with the twin brothers, Jack Brown, sailor, and Charles Brown, waiter in the Hotel de Boulogne. In the duet they explain their strikingly opposite characteristics. In youthful days, it seems, when apples were to be apportioned, Jack always took what he thought was right and Charles took what was left. Finally, when Jack went off to sea Charles went to see him off. Jack sings a couple of sea songs, one of his adventures in a whale with his sweetheart and her portrait next his



heart. As he has a different portrait for every verse, and a bunch tied up with ribbon for the last one, the song is more funny than sentimental. Mr. Hallen Mostyn, who took this part, was the only member of the cast who displayed a singing voice. Mr. Bigelow as Charles, the waiter, was exceedingly funny with his squeaky Cockney voice and pinched features. He is one of the funniest men who has been here for some time.

The Cummings Stock Company have presented Don Cesar de Bazan at the Princess this week. The dainty little play is exceptionally interesting to lovers of the romantic drama, being, I believe, the libretto of the opera Maritana. The story is about a gay spendthrift, Don Cesar, who espouses the cause of a lad apprenticed to an armorer, who has threatened to degrade him. This happens during a particular week when an edict has been issued by the King of Spain forbidding duelling on pain of death by the hangman. In order to further the plans of the king's unscrupulous minister, Don Cesar also espouses an ambitious gypsy girl, who appears closely veiled for the wedding. Ten minutes later Don Cesar, who has married the girl in order to gain the privilege of dying like a gentleman, is fired at by the guards and falls. With great consideration for his benefactor's feelings, Lazarillo, the armorer's apprentice, has extracted the bullets from the guns of the aforesaid guards while they were partaking of the wedding breakfast, consequently Don Cesar appears on the scene about the time that the King of Spain has been palming himself off on the Countess de Bazan as her loving husband. He is induced at the sight of the coy but aged lady, who is presently palmed off on him as his wife, to renounce his claims to her, when the Countess de Bazan is heralded by a footman. Don Cesar tears up the unsigned document and starts after the real owner of the white hand that has haunted him. He reaches the house in Madrid where his lady is, a little later than the king, who has found his charmer obstreperous. There is an amusing dialogue between the king and the facetious spendthrift; then in the absence of the king a touching scene between the husband and wife. Don Cesar goes to the queen at the suggestion of Maritana instead of risking his life in confronting the soldiers. Maritana de Bazan takes care of herself very ably until her husband returns, and bullies the king till he gets the position of Governor of Granada. Oh, it's great fun. Maurice Freeman was

splendid as Don Cesar, and Nettie Marshall was Lazarillo. The play was very prettily put on, too, besides being cleverly acted.

The Texas Steer at the Toronto this week should draw full houses to that theater if any show on the circuit does. It is the most genuinely humorous farce I know of and popular prices have not spoiled it. Herbert E. Sears as Brander, the Texas cattle king and representative in Congress, is first-rate. The part is a fine humorous character-sketch, and Mr. Sears from his make-up to his eccentricities of manner and speech does both the humor and the characterization justice. The supporting company is one of the best seen at the Toronto this season. Miss Putnam as Bossy made that part a most lovable one. Her pathetic dignity when she discovers that her lover is ashamed of her Texas manner and dress when she comes to Washington, was excellent. But all the roles, from the negro waiter to the Investigation Committee, are in good hands, and consequently the show deserves the best treatment we can give it.

Rose Coghlan is credited with having made the most pronounced hit of her whole stage career in The White Heather, which will have its first local production next week at the Toronto Opera House. The White Heather is said to be intensely English in character, and a special feature of the presentation, and one calculated to interest Canadians, is a reproduction of the famous costume ball given by the Duchess of Devonshire in honor of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The principal female character in the play is patterned after the Duchess herself, and is that of a lively, up-to-date, semi-new womanish girl who shoots, drives, rides a bicycle, owns a yacht, and all that sort of thing. The White Heather, which is said to be staged in a manner rarely, if ever, seen outside of high-priced theaters, will be given here with the same scenery, effects, costumes and mechanical devices that were used during its long engagement at the Academy of Music, New York, last year. There will be no increase in the regular "popular prices" of the Toronto, and matinees will be given as usual on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Mr. Owen A. Smiley is again en tour, this time with a concert company of his own. Miss Theresa Flanagan, soprano, one of the members, is a vocal pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch, and is, although but still in her teens, possessed of a voice of rare quality. Miss Hilja Davis, another young Toronto artiste, also accompanies Mr. Smiley. She is a violinist whose efforts have proved most acceptable to Toronto audiences. The company opened in Montreal Wednesday, April 5, to a select audience in Windsor Hall, nearly every seat being subscribed for beforehand. They will perform in all the leading cities and towns on the Atlantic seaboard and Eastern States.

De Wolf Hopper has taken a pledge to never again recite Casey at the Bat, notwithstanding all the clamor for that immortal baseball verse from the devotees of the game. This season Mr. Hopper makes curtain speeches instead, and they are said to be the funniest things yet invented by the elongated comedian. He is appearing in The Charlatan, Sousa's latest contribution to the operatic stage, and is an early booking at the Grand.

Cissy Loftus, greatest of English music hall singers, with her famous By the Sea Waves specialty and comic impersonations of stage celebrities, will be an added feature to A Dangerous Maid, the musical comedy that will hold the boards at the Grand Opera House the last three nights of next week. Miss Loftus has been the rage in New York for several seasons.

Next week the Cummings Stock Company will present Madame Sans-Gene at the Princess Theater, and it will assuredly prove a great attraction. Barry O'Neill will appear as Napoleon, Miss Hall as Sans-Gene, and the other roles will be appropriately distributed among the other members of the company.

Frank Daniels and his opera company have crossed the continent from coast to coast and are now on their return journey. Success is reported all along the line. They will play Toronto at the Grand before going into New York again.

E. S. Willard's health is improving in Rome and during this month he will return to England. He has cancelled his American tour for next season and may rest for another year.

Miss Marietta LaDell, reader, has started on her annual trip to the Pacific Coast and will appear in all the principal towns, returning about the end of June.

Stuart Robson is meeting with great success in Theodore Burt Sayre's comedy-drama, The Two Rogues and a Romance.

Next season Francis Wilson will have a comic-opera adapted by Harry B. Smith from the French, and called The Festival.

Israel Zangwill will give the name of The Jew to the dramatization of his Children of the Ghetto.

Lottie Collins has regained her health and returned to the London music halls.

How He Joined.

A pretty saying of an army officer is reported by an exchange. He married, in 1865, the daughter of a man whose whole heart was in the cause of the Southern negroes. The marriage has been a very happy one.

"Were you so much interested in the slavery question when I knew you?" asked a college friend, who had not seen the officer for thirty years.

"Yes, but I didn't talk much about it," was the reply. "But after I met my wife's father I became a strong abolitionist, and very soon after I met her I became a slave."

Another Point of View.

At the Portrait Loan.



HE clock of St. James had just struck two. You could have heard a pin drop in the great Temple building, for it was two in the morning. Away up on the sixth story a faint rustle was beginning in the Assembly Room—a ghostly rustle. Then a high, thin voice said, "Is the night watchman asleep?" "Of course he is!" retorted another sharp whisper. "Then, my dear, please get out of that hideous frame and turn on the light." In a moment the place was softly flooded with the electric radiance, and a queer sight was revealed. Many portraits began to shake themselves, to rub their eyes and nod at one another. The old lady in the fchu who had started the motion to illuminate, bridled at her next neighbor, gorgeous in a fin de siècle ball gown. "I shall never recover my self-respect," she said, in a piercing aside, to a portrait in a mob cap, "after two weeks in such mixed society." "Oh, never mind 'em," said the mob cap, pursing her lips. "One need not notice 'em. They're not half so dreadful as the creatures we've been looking down at for the last week." "Madam!" said a pompous-looking old officer, "perhaps you are not aware that some of my great-grandchildren were here this week!" The old lady with the mob cap winked at the fchu wearer. "My dear Colonel," she said loftily, "our grandchildren are not creatures. They are gentlefolk."

The pompous officer made a stiff bow. "I do not mind those gaping stares so much," he said in a stage whisper, "as," and he jerked his thumb very slightly in the direction of a modern uniform posed near him. "Never saw active service, madam. Toy soldiers, madam, militia!" and with a snort the ancient officer took a pinch of snuff and sneezed contemptuously. A sprightly lady, who may have been painted by Lely, tossed her head. "Faith, I don't mind 'em, if they'd be content to wear their abominable nineteenth century frocks and not try to masquerade in our modes," said she. "Did you see those Duchesses on Tuesday?" "I did," said a weird person in long hair. "As one blade of grass resemble another, so did this galaxy of beauty resemble—well, I'm not quite sure what I was going to say they resembled." The lady in powder put up her fan to shut out the sight of him. "Who is the creature?" she whispered. "Walt Whitman!" said a big judge, shaking with laughter. "Touched, you know; for heaven's sake don't start him off!" "Dear me, what a dust is being wafted about since those elderly persons came out of their frames," said a lady, melted into a black velvet gown, who remained in her corner surveying the queer promenaders. "Yes," sighed a Saint Pierre, "mamma and I are almost suffocated. May I give you my fan, mamma, dear?" "No," said a lovely woman, with *spirituelle* expression, "and I wish you wouldn't call at me like that; if I am your mamma you need not placard me. Besides, I like to complain, and really this dust is quite a Godsend. I've been admired so much all the week, I haven't had a chance of a grievance until this moment." "Dieu! Comme je suis trieste!" sighed a coquette in a red poke bonnet.

"It is an outrage to bring a pretty creature such as I to this place, and leave her out in a corridor with a parcel of old fogies! I declare if I haven't a mind to slip out of my frame and dodge into the salon!" Just then a handsome ex-Lieutenant-Governor cleared his throat with a loud "Ahem," and the coquette peeped under her bonnet at him, and remained in her frame. "Of all the obtuse lots I ever came across," growled an old gentleman in court garb, "the hanging committee of this exhibition is the most incredibly obtuse!" "Hassh!" said a German frau in a skull cap, "that to day ge-heard dat some shenlemen was truly hanged by der necks, and dose pictures are of dem!" The old gentleman started. "Perdition! Ah, well, I am very sure, my good woman, that many more of them deserved it," he said, trotting off as fast as he could. "Could anyone inform me," drawled a little lady in brocade and jewels "who those persons are over there? I have searched through the society Blue Book, and their names are not to be found in it. I thought when I came here, and allowed my daughter's picture to be exhibited here, that we were to be grouped with our intimate friends, and now we haven't a soul to speak to." "Listen to her!" snorted one old lady in a plain cap and gown to another. "Just listen to her, with her Blue Book and her nonsense! My dear, I assure you that I remember her husband's family when—yes—let us come into the ante-room and I'll tell you the whole story!" "Dear, dear," sighed a picture with no particular background and an impressionist gable. "I am positively dying to see the babies! I wonder if I might just whisk over and see if they are covered up." "Very domestic," sniffed a sour-looking female; "thinks of nothing but babies, knows nothing but babies, has nothing but babies, wears such clothes!" and she focussed on the little woman in the draperies until the little woman began to cry, and as suddenly wiped her eyes dry, whispering, "Oh, I mustn't spoil hubby's lovely picture!"

"I have been so annoyed!" snapped a cross-looking lady, "that if I could get hold of the artist who painted me I'd pull all the rest of his hair out!" "What's the matter?" said a fierce-looking man in uniform. "Matter enough! Do I look haggard? Have I got a galvanized smile? Is my life telling on me?" she spluttered. "In a word, is this a likeness? Can you see it?" "Madam!" said the fierce-looking man, "I have but one eye, but I can see it!" Then there was silence over the

entire portrait collection for the space of one minute. "Old pepper-pot!" sniffed the lady, turning a deeper red. "God Save the Queen!" said the old gentleman, with patriotic irrelevance.

PENCE-NEZ.

Some Fine Engraving.

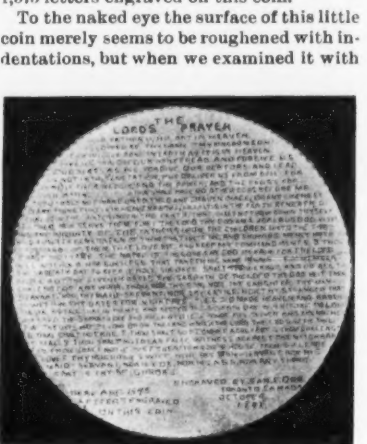
A Toronto Man Beats all Previous Records in Microscopic Lettering.

FEW years ago a man engraved the Lord's Prayer on a United States three-cent piece, and the achievement was talked of all over the world. An engraver in New York undertook to beat that record and he engraved the alphabet in capital letters upon the head of a pin. This feat was greatly talked about, the New York papers giving portraits of the engraver (named Mollenhauer) and drawings representing the pin in its actual size and magnified forty-five diameters. The pin was exhibited in public and in optical institutes.

But Mollenhauer's performance has been quite eclipsed, and with it all previous records, perhaps, by a young man in Toronto, Samuel E. Dibb, an engraver with the Grip Engraving Company, who resides at 244 Palmerston avenue.

On the head of one pin—and both pins mentioned are rather under than over the average size—Mr. Dibb has engraved the alphabet, a performance equal to that of Mollenhauer. Not content with that, he next began upon another pin and upon its head engraved not only the alphabet, but the figures from one to ten, and the year 1899. To make the performance even more notable, the letters and figures on this pin are all cut in relief.

He has also engraved upon a Canadian five-cent piece, which corresponds in size with the United States three-cent piece, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, his name and address, the date, Oct., 1898, and the words, "There are 1,573 letters engraved on this coin." To the naked eye the surface of this little coin merely seems to be roughened with indentations, but when we examined it with



The Five Cent Piece Magnified.

a powerful magnifying glass everything claimed to be upon it was found to be there in capital letters and evidently with plenty of room and no evidence of crowding. We also examined the pins with a glass and found everything engraved as plainly as if on a surface a foot in diameter. We here give magnified reproductions of the five-cent piece and of the pin, which is the rarer curiosity of the two. The pin itself to the naked eye reveals nothing of its marvels. Mr. Dibb tells us that the pin was engraved in forty-five hours' work, but as for the coin, he kept no record of his time. He does the engraving with the ordinary tool of his profession, but looking through a powerful magnifying glass the while. He is now working upon another pin which will quite surpass his previous effort.

A Rara Avis.

Life.

Once there was an Easter bonnet With some wings and feathers on it, And a tiny, shiny buckle in a bit of ribbon shirred.

Said the ladies, "Please inform us Why its bill is so enormous, And that foolish little Easter bonnet thought it was a bird!"

It slyly watched its chances, And, escaping people's glances, It flew straight out the window and it lighted on a tree.

With fear its wings were quaking And its little frame was shaking, But it sat there smiling bravely though 'twas frightened as could be.

Said the birds, "You're of our feather, Come and let us flock together." But the bonnet answered proudly, "I'm exclusive and select; And although I could be pleasant To an ostrich or a pheasant, For me to herd with common birds you really can't expect."

Said a hunter, "This is pretty, I will take it home to Kitty," Then he aimed his gun and shot it, and it fell without a word.

Then it gave a final flutter, And partly seemed to nutter, "Well, after all, I'd rather be a Bonnet than a Bird."

—CAROLYN WELLS.

To Our Readers.

Subscribers to TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT who at any time do not receive their copies will confer a favor by promptly reporting the omission to this office. If your newsdealer does not supply you as early as desired, please drop a card to this office.

Tales of Wayside Inns.

No. 1—The Hostler Who Could Not Stand Prosperity.

THE morning sun shone full on the Management of the Cambridge House, Jamesville, as he leaned over his desk paring his finger-nails and chewing an unlighted cigar—shone with a spring-like self-assurance, although the snow outside glistened white and crisp. It shone on the back of the red-headed livery driver who had just brought the auctioneer thirty miles over the clay ruts from Bridgetown for the farm sale that afternoon. This latter gentleman momentarily expected an invitation into the bar and evinced a flattering interest in the conversation.

"Get out!" said he.

"Fired him yesterday mornin'," reassured the Management. "He couldn't stand prosperity."

The red-headed liveryman looked genuinely surprised. Prosperity as he understood it had always been so comparatively remote with him that an idea of its unpleasant features had never entered his mind.

"Well, now," said he.

"Yep," said the Management. "His constitution wasn't suited for it. He wasn't used to it. Prosperity ain't a thing you can acclimatize yourself to on short notice. You've got to take it slow."

The Management looked up at the sun with his eyes squinting, and twiddled his cigar by a dexterous jaw movement.

"Used that hostler like a king," said he ruminatingly. "But," with a sigh, "that's the worst of them kind o' people—the better you treat 'em the less thanks you get for it."

At the word "treat" the liveryman glanced at the green balze door and cleared his throat.

"Some of 'em's like that," said he, with a gentle emphasis on "some," "and then again some of 'em ain't."

"When I got him," continued the Management, "he'd just been fired off a freight car by the brakeman. The toughest-looking proposition you ever struck. Wanted to do up some chores for a meal. I let him pile up a couple of cords of wood and buck and split some of it, and gave him his breakfast. Then he offered to work all winter for the house. 'No,' I said, 'I don't do business that way.' Now, I was needin' a hostler just then. So I told him, 'If you like to stay on for a week I'll try you,' I says. 'If you suit, why, I'll strike a bargain with you,' I says, 'but I don't want no man round here working for his board,' I says."

The Management cocked his cigar up against his nose with the consciousness of virtue.

"Well, he was satisfied with that and turned into the job. He worked fine, too, for a while, and I thought I'd struck a treasure. But I fooled myself right there. I treated him too good. He was hard up for clothes and I let him have an old overcoat that was hanging up in the stable. At the end of the week I told him I'd give him four dollars a month to stay on, and he immediately and to once drew a dollar on account. About two weeks after that I had to go to Bridgetown to see about a cow I was getting. When I got back supper time I looks for Alex to take my horse around to the barn. There wasn't no Alex to be seen, so I has to put the horse up myself. When I gets into the house they tell me that Alex hasn't been around all day. I natchally was kind of surprised at that."

"Wasn't he in to dinner?" I says. "No," they says. "Well, that's the first time he's missed a meal since I've known him," I says. About half-past eleven that night I was in the bar mixing up something for a cold when in comes Alex. The minute I set eyes on him I knows he'd been drinking, which is a thing I don't think is right in a hostler."

The red-headed driver looked slightly discouraged.

"Well," I says, "where have you been all day?" Just around, says he. "Well," I says, "you'd better go back where you came from," I says. "I want you to fill this bottle for me," he says. "You've got as much as you can carry now," I says. "It ain't for myself," he says. "Who's it for?" I says. "For another fellow," he says.

Now, I ain't above doin' a good turn for a man when I know he's all right, but this was another colored horse entirely. Where had this fellow been all day? Where had he got his liquor? Not in my house. Where then? I was on to the game in a minute. The house across the road have a grudge ag'in me for tryin' to run the best dollar-a-day house in this part of the country. "You go back to them as sent you," I says, "an' tell 'em that we don't run no whiskey round town after hours from this house," I says."

The landlord paused and looked for the applause that should ever follow the declaration of a noble sentiment. After the liveryman had obliged him by shuffling his feet, nodding his head and spitting into a receptacle convenient for the purpose, he continued:

"After I says that I tells him that he's no more use to me and to come round in the morning and I'll settle with him. He goes out. Next morning he comes in with a fellow that hangs around the other hotel. I knew they were looking for trouble straight. They comes in and Alex calls for a drink. 'You don't get anything to drink here,' I says. 'I can pay for it,' he says. 'I don't care whether you can or not,' I says. 'You go back where you've been all night,' I says, 'and get them to give you a drink.' 'Go on,' says the other fellow, 'give him a drink if he wants it.' 'I'm runnin' this house,' I says, 'and what's more,' I says, 'you'd better get out of it.' Well, he got sassy."

"Now look here," I says, "I don't want any trouble. You go on about your business, Charley," I says. "Me an' Alex has got some business of our own to transact and I won't start in till you go." Well, they whispered together for a while and finally Charley went out. "Now," I says, "Alex, how much do I owe you?" Well, he hummed and hawed and said he didn't know.

"First of all you'd better give me back that coat I lent you," I says. He kind of jumped at that. "You won't get a cent out of me till you do," I says. So he takes it off. I was kinder sorry for him, for his own clothes didn't amount to much and we've been having quite a cold spell lately, but it weren't my coat—it was left here by a fellow. "Now," I says, "don't you think you've been pretty much of a fool?" I says. "You've lost a good job here," I says. "Did you think you'd get a better one across the road?" I says. "If you did you're mistaken," I says. "They've just used you," I says, "and used you up," I says. "Never mind about that," he says, "just you pay me what you owe me." "Well," I says, "you've been here three weeks. When you came you offered to work for your board. I gave you a dollar the first week and you've made a dollar and a half in tips—that's two and a half. I agreed to pay you four dollars a month. But you took and played dirt with me. I think I'll just return the compliment," I says. "We're quits," I says, "I'm done with you, and I showed him the door. Well, he was hoppin'. He cursed and swore till he was blue in the face. 'Go on, get out,' I says. 'I'll go when I get good and ready,' he says. 'I don't want no trouble now,' says I, eying him close. He was a bigger man than me and savage. 'Come and put me out,' he says, and turns around to go over and sit down. I sees my chance and jumps over the counter and grabs him by the seat of the pants and the collar of his coat. I done it so quick that I sort of got the drop on him and had him started towards the door on a run before he knew what struck him. The door was shut of course. Now, I didn't mention it before, but I had a Presbyterian minister in the house, preachin' for a call in town here. He was sittin' in the chair by the window where you are now and heard all the argument—a thing I was sorry for, for the sake of the reputation of the house. Well, just as I was wondering how I was going to get the door open without losin' my grip, the minister jumps up and opens it, and out goes Alex on the run right down the steps. I shuts the door and locks it in case of trouble, with a master key I always carry—its every lock in the house. I turns round to the parson. 'I don't know how you are at preachin',' I says, 'but you're a pretty sly hand at openin' a door,' I says. He laughed nice as you please. 'I hope he didn't land on his head,' he says. 'It wouldn't do him any harm if he did,' I says. 'It might knock some sense into it, to be sure,' says he. 'I must say you managed it very well,' he says. 'I couldn't have done it better myself,' he says, 'and I used to play scrimmage for old McGill,' he says. 'Perhaps you might do me the honor of taking a hot Scotch on the house,' I says. 'I don't mind if I do,' he says. He was a fine fellow, that parson, and I wish our folks here wasn't so darn pernickety about preachin'. We might have had him here permanent only for that."

"What became of Alex?" asked the liveryman.

"He jumped on the east-bound freight, so some of the boys tells me. He was like lots of these fellows—all right when he was poor but he couldn't stand prosperity."

The Management of the Cambridge House, Mr. Joseph Cambridge, to wit, shook his head sadly as he struck a match and lit his cigar.

S. H.

Girls and Their Trials.



THE High Geared Person and the Ordinary Girl were washing dishes after Sunday night's supper. The High Geared Person seemed to have springs in her joints, for she bounced about as though her life depended on her activity.

"I wonder if professional women have such a hard time as housekeepers? Surely when they leave the law or consulting office they are free to have some fun and enjoy their evenings."

She sighed impatiently as she flopped the dish-towel about.

"Well, you would never do as a professional sister, till you found out how to hurry without making haste," answered the Ordinary Girl, carefully scraping the plates.

"Hurry without making haste? How do you explain that?" asked the High Geared Person.

"I don't explain it. We had a wash-woman once who was so phenomenally slow that I was induced to coin the phrase. She talked and dawdled, then drank tea and dawdled some more, soaped something on the washboard and dawdled some more all day long. I got wildly irritated once and offered to pay her by the dozen articles if she would do the washing up in three hours. Well, she wasn't used to hurrying. She became very much excited. She shouted for anything that didn't happen to find at a glance; her collar came unfastened and for the next hour she flew from the boiler to the sink and then out to the lines, falling over the coal-seattle every trip, and at last in her zeal she fell head first into a tub of rinsing water. I nearly killed myself laughing, and she went home angry. It seems to me that you must have been on the dead run ever since you were able to walk."

"I do not stalk around the kitchen as though I were Queen Victoria walking up to be crowned, and you do," said the High Geared Person.

"But you don't see me fall over the broom (there you go again; stand it up behind the door out of your way), or get my feet tangled in the mats on the floor, or hurt myself on the rocking-chair at every step I take," retorted the Ordinary Girl, with a superior smile.

"Well, why wouldn't I make a good professional woman?" began the High Geared Person after a short pause. "Do



Miss Jones (who has kindly offered to hear Mr. Green his part for the coming theatricals)—Now, what's your cue, Mr. Green?
Mr. Green (bewildered)—My cue?
Miss J.—Yes, your cue; what they say just before you make your entrance, you know.
Mr. G.—Oh, I see. They always say, "Come on, you silly ass, can't you?"

—Punch.

you think they are not as well off as we are?"

"I don't know much about them. You see it would be hard to be tied down to office hours, and have to tackle work that you didn't understand sometimes, and always have to take all the mean remarks that a cross employer may make about your work, without telling him that you won't ever speak to him again unless he takes it all back. And then you might come home cross yourself and find everybody else jolly, and then you would probably feel that you were 'a lone, lorn critter, with everything going contrary with you,' and you would get the blues just the same as you do now. As long as your mother doesn't expect you to do the work in the house on the scrap plan, it is much more fun staying home."

"What is the scrap plan?"

"Oh, it is the plan that makes people get nervous prostration. You decide on just the amount of work you mean to accomplish within a given time. You get interested in a systematic despatch of your work, when your mother calls you upstairs to wind darning yarn. You expostulate, but she assures you that she won't keep you a minute. You begin to wonder if you will ever get your piece made, and a queer hot feeling gets in your chest. Then mamma finds that she has so much to do that she cannot do the shopping; won't you slip on your things and run over to Barron's? You get mad and positively refuse to do anything of the kind. Then you get another uncomfortable feeling that you haven't treated your darling Mamma nicely. You begin to slam the pans around and get excited, and you end up the day tired to death, lonesome and with a backache. I had an awful time bringing my mother up to my standard of domestic economy," and the Ordinary Girl hung up the dish-pan.

"My mother needs some instruction in the art of social economy, I think," said the High Geared Person, as she kicked a chair that fell over her a minute before. "She runs after me all day with advice and messages. I hate to practice because she gets tired of my pieces and tells me to play Hannah's Promenade for a change. Yes, and she laughs at my attempts to acquire knowledge, saying that a good housekeeper gets the best husband, and that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I don't believe a word of it. She just tries to palm off old proverbs on me, to keep me at stupid tasks. I don't want a husband so much as a chance to do as I please, and if I do get married I shall insist on boarding—so there. There's no use my trying to bring my mother up, because I would have to bring Pa up too, and it is no picnic, this bringing people up."

"I should say it wasn't," said the Ordinary Girl.

And their parents never can understand.

Jl.

Un a common Footing.

HE was one who might be thought to have no distinct soul. It was of that kind which, because of its very plainness, could but seldom be seen. Social or ethical problems, or the vexations of sex, or the study of cults, or all the herbage of learning did not grow for her, or, indeed, did no more than fasten a burr or so upon her dress.

To her the world was but a system of duty, and it never led her beyond the dusty streets of life. The hidden paths which lay through intellectual fields were tangled enclosures and offered only thorny distress. The kitchen was her world, the nursery her vacation ground, the clinking of plates her music. The bubble of the coffee-pot was the murmur of her philosophy. It taught all her limited soul could comprehend. Of course the library was there, that mighty gateway to the other world, but it cast no shadow upon her life nor interfered in the least with her cheerfulness. She sang, as the bluebird warbled in the spring, because it

voiced her only emotions. She was no dreamer, no fantastic imager of indistinct unrealities. The voice of her children was the voice of her conscience. She could play with them all day long, for she was a child herself. Hers was a childish soul which never attained maturity.

If you were not a man of the world such peculiar simplicity in her might disappoint you, for she promised different. There lay her only fault; she was not a meeter of expectations. But as your experience broadened you found that the best things of this world were the commonest. The dandelion is a vulgar flower, yet behold how beautiful and complicated its structure, were it as uncommon as the orchid! So, as you got to know her better, you saw she had infinite graces and charms. She made a worldly wife and seemed a part of happiness itself, so little did she know of the dark things of the earth.

Perhaps deep down in your soul the voice of your ambition whispered a great longing to you. Perhaps she did not fill the vacant corner which lies in every great heart. Perhaps she did not realize what you fondly dreamed in your poetic youth. Perhaps it was not a star at all you had hitched to. Your own heart smote you then as being false to your ideals.

There was another.

A woman who was not yet harnessed in the yoke of womanhood. She had a spirit which delighted to roam through the fields and by-paths of literature or upon the great ocean of art. She knew nothing of the common cares of life. Her sorrows were of the soul. She had never burned her bread nor made weak coffee, nor soiled her thoughts with the dough. This, you said, is the true star of your existence. To pass whole nights in dreamy, delightful converse and to know that you had at last found a sympathizer with your woes and ambitions was living ideally. An artist must live altogether in the unsubstantial. It is the severing of the mind from the body. No man ever became too ethereal for this life. And in that remote and delightful region where few enter, how sweet to find the soul that is a kinship of your own, whispering delightful sensations to you and planning paradises for the future! Such was the Uncommon Woman.

I saw them once meet.

There was no recognition whatever. Instead, a mutual aversion sprang up. They were fatal to each other's atmosphere; both negatives. One sang lightly heartily to her child, and washed the dishes; the other looked out of the window and watched a field of daisies waving in the sun. They parted total strangers to each other's feelings and modes of thought. Which, I wondered, is the strongest, which the natural life?

The woman of the world, or the unworld, came in time to be susceptible to the laws of womanhood. You must have her for your own, because you could not wander forever through a substantial dreamland. You must pluck the blossom if you would own it. There was a point when you transgressed the world's opinions and the world called you back to follow its own well-beaten roads. Then the woman who was your existence before but only a part now, heard the coffee-pot's philosophy. It taught her things which you could never understand, and maybe you wondered at the change.

I saw them meet again, but this time the Uncommon Woman had a babe at her breast. Nothing could have been sweeter than their recognition now. They fondled and caressed as if they had been old friends. I saw then which was the natural life. I saw why all the laws were written as they were and why a babe was the medium through which an undisciplined soul was taught the strange truths of existence.

CHARLES G. HAMMIDGE.

A—My wife has to thank Dr. Siam Bang for the extraordinary health she enjoys. B—Why, he is such a good doctor? A—No; but he is so fierce that she is afraid to get sick.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Teacher—Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be? Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—Which made the most?

He gave the bucket a savage kick. It rolled away, and he stamped viciously on the snake's head, crushing it with his heavy boots. It was a large rock rattler, one of the kind whose poison is invariably fatal, but slow to spread through the body.

He thought quickly, then he leaped toward the shack. He decided to cut the hand off before the virus could spread. But he could not find anything with a keen edge. His son, who was up the river pitching the tents of a camping party and cutting firewood for the campers, had taken with him axe, hatchet, saw and knife.

He looked at the table-knives with a sick heart. They were as dull as hoes and he

had no time to sharpen one of them. His jack-knife was too small for such a job. Fifteen minutes was his time limit he knew. With an oath he turned towards the river. His canoe, the rapids and the mills were his only chances. He seized his paddle and one minute after the snake had struck him he launched his canoe. Twelve minutes later he stood beside the hissing saw.

He saved his life, but he lived ten years in ten minutes and he is in appearance twenty years older.

April, '99. MARSTYN POGUE.

A Challenge to the Kindergarten

Agnes Reppier in the Saturday Evening Post.

THE zealous upholders of the kindergarten have been challenged in no unflattering terms to make good their claim to the world's grateful veneration, and it is from Boston that the challenge comes.

For many years we have accepted with mingled deference and enthusiasm this elaborate system of entertaining little children. It crossed from the old world to the new so highly recommended, and with such an air of beneficence, that we seldom presumed to question its adaptability to our needs. Now and then, perhaps, a father would be found lamenting that the old-fashioned accomplishments of reading and writing were left out of this educational scheme; and sometimes a mother would go so far as to say that an over-amused child was an unwholesomely stimulated as an over-taught child, and far more trying and troublesome. But the habitual contempt of the expert for the parent never permitted these weak expostulations to be heard in council, and the kindergarten has become a favored institution in every State of the Union.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for March publishes, however, the trenchant criticisms of a teacher who, working in the primary school, has had the doubtful pleasure of continuing the kindergarten child's instruction after he emerges from his three years of play. She finds him apparently less satisfactory than the neglected infant who has spent those three years in growing like a plant, and whose little mind is in a state of calm and healthy repose.

The neglected one is at least unexciting; his intelligence, if he has any, is unperverted. He does not expect his teacher to simulate a volcano with cotton and alcohol, nor a geyser with an old rubber ball. He does not insist upon the multiplication table being enlivened with a song and dance. He is willing to learn his letters without the stimulus of a story attached to every one. He does not when given an apple to draw or to model, convert his sketch or his lump of clay into a bird's nest with eggs in it and take credit to himself for the inspiration. He is unused to being entertained, and still more unused to entertaining others. What he loses in alertness and in odds and ends of information he gains in the simplicity of his mental outlook, in his docile attitude, and in the healthiness of a mind uninvited by forced sentiment or strained imaginings.

This pessimistic view of the kindergarten is at once too explicit and too urgently presented to be passed over in silence. Miss Marian Hamilton Carter has not only the courage of her convictions, but a most relentless hand in driving these convictions home. Moreover, she does not speak from the standpoint of the despised parent, but of the teacher, who is invariably sure of a hearing. If she permits herself some gentle sarcasms against the "paper folding" and the "sewing cards," she is grave enough in reproaching the maudlin literature of the "dear cow," and "pearly snowdrop," and "My chickie's name is Cuddle" order, with which we insult the dawning intelligence of a child. Her words await an answer from the earnest patrons of the kindergarten, who believe their methods good.

Clubs are Improving.

MEN'S clubs are far from being the dens of iniquity which certain old-fashioned ladies conceive them to be. The tone of clubs improves as the tone of society in general improves, and at present there is a very general sentiment in them against excessive drinking or gambling for high stakes.

The man who drinks more than is good for him soon finds that the atmosphere of the club is decidedly chilly, and any flagrant breach of the proprieties will bring on him some expression of censure from the governors which he is not likely soon to forget. As to gambling, it is in deep disfavor. Gambling is prohibited in every large club in New York, and in most of them the members who live in the club-house find that it is unwise to give poker parties in their rooms. One of the charter members of a club which now numbers more than a thousand members recently said that the club was started by a lot of men who played poker regularly for high stakes. "Poker for high stakes is still played in this city," he said, "but not by the same class of men who started this club. I have sat in when men at the table lost fifteen thousand or twenty thousand dollars in a night, and on the whole it was a very costly amusement for me, much as I enjoyed it. When the club was organized we played there, and other members did not criticize us. That sort of gambling does not exist in any decent club in New York now. It worked out its own end in this club. Men who could not afford to lose lost heavily. Several disagreeable club scandals came of it, and the game was stopped. That sort of play is now left for the professional gambler, and the clubs are free from it."

"What did Colonel Stilwell say about the brandied peaches we sent to cheer his convalescence?" "He said he was afraid he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit," replied the little girl, "but that he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."

—Ez.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Lahn, April 18; Kaiser Friedrich, April 25;
Trave, May 2; Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, May 9;
Lahn, May 16; Kaiser Friedrich, May 23;
Trave, May 30.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world.
First saloon, \$75 up; second saloon, \$40 to \$50.
New York—Southampton—Bremen
Koenigin Luise, Apr. 20; Frieder Grosse, May 4;
Bremen, Apr. 27; H. H. Meier, May 11.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR
Naples, Genoa
Alder, April 22; Kaiser Wm. II., May 1;
Ems, May 8; Sardinia, May 20; Alder, May 27;
Kaiser Wm. II., June 3.

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Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
St. Louis, April 12; St. Louis, May 3;
Paris, April 19; Paris, May 10;
New York, April 26; New York, May 17.

RED STAR LINE
New York—Antwerp—Paris
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Southampton, April 12; Kensington, April 26;
Westernland, April 19; Noordland, May 3.
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Anecdotal.

Mark Twain, lecturing in English at
Vienna, in the hall of the Commercial
Club, the other day, in aid of a local
charity, told the audience that he was
gradually mastering German, and had
lately annexed the champion word:
Personaleinkommensteuerschätzungskommissionenmitgliedschaftsbescheinigungsgewährungsbefund. "If,"
added the humorist, "I could get a
word of that sort engraved on my
tombstone I should sleep in peace be-
neath it."

Speaker Reed recently met Repre-
sentative Lacey, of Iowa, in the shadow
of the entrance to the members' lobby
of the House. He peered at the Iowa
man, who bears a strong re-
semblance to the Secretary of War.
Walking up and greeting him, with a
laugh that conveyed a suggestion of
relief, he astonished the representative
by drawing out: "Lacey, you look so
much like the Secretary of War that
you ought to be whitewashed."

An art patron one day came into
Turner's studio when the artist was
already famous. He looked at a picture,
and asked what was the price. The
artist named the sum he had set
upon it. "What!" exclaimed the
buyer, "all those golden sovereigns
for so much paint!" "Oh," replied
Turner, "it's paint you are buying?
I thought it was pictures. Here,"
producing a half-used tube of color,
"I'll let you have that cheap; make
your own terms," and turning his back
on the astonished patron, he went on
painting.

It was a lecture delivered by a learned
purveyor of liver pills, and illustrated
by diagrams of the frame of a
man. "That," he explained, pointing
out a totally different spot, "is where
man's liver is." "Excuse me," observed
the man in spectacles, "but I am a
surgeon, and that's not where the
liver is." "Never you mind where
his liver is," retorted the lecturer. "If
it was in his big toe or his left ear
my pills would reach it, and shake it
for him. On that you can bet your
gig-lamps."

An eminent lawyer of New York,
when his son was about to enter the
legal profession, thought it incumbent
upon him to offer some advice born
of his own experience. "My son," said
he, "whenever in trying a case you
find the law is in your favor but the
facts against you, come out strong on
the law." "Yes, father," said the at-
tentive son. "And if you find," re-
sumed his adviser, "that the facts are
in your favor and the law against you,
come out strong on the facts." The
attorney in embryo meditated a mo-
ment, and then asked, hesitatingly:
"But suppose, father the law and
facts are both against me?" "Oh,
well," continued the parent, unctu-

"THE BLACK DOUGLAS"

Mr. R. R. Crockett has gone to the 15th
Century for this new Scotch romance, on
which he has been working for the past ten
years.

"The fall of the great House of Douglas,"
says the author, "con-tituted the one
romance of my boyhood. Their castle of
Thrieve stands on an island in the midst
of the River Dee, and to this day its great
walls, over seventy feet high, defy the
storms of Galloway. The backbone of the
story is the culmination of the family in
the person of William Douglas, who as a boy of
21 held all Scotland south of the Tay in the
hollow of his hand, who coined money at
his own mint and rode abroad with a more
than regal train."

Size, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2; binding, cloth, decorated;
pages, 475; illustrated by Frank Richards;
\$1.25, and 60c, paper.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
"The Bookshop,"
No. 8 King Street West.

ously, "in that case—talk around it."

Sothern, the comedian, was extreme-
ly sensitive to interruption of any
sort. Seeing a man in the act of leav-
ing his box during the delivery of one
of the actor's best speeches, he shouted
out: "Hi, you, sir, do you know there
is another act?" The offender was
equal to the occasion, however; he
turned to the actor, and answered,
cheerfully: "Oh, yes—that's why I'm
going!" This reminds us of the play
at the Grand in Toronto a few years
ago when a drunken man got into an
orchestra chair and it was found ne-
cessary to eject him. "Why must I go
out?" he demanded. "Because you're
drunk." "Course I'm drunk—d-y-e s'p-
pose I'd 'av paid a dollar—t' see this
show—if I wasn't drunk?"

Dr. W., for fifty years rector of
a Baltimore church, is what is denomi-
nated an "old-fashioned High Church-
man," his views, when he took charge
of the work, being much in advance
of those about him. By degrees, how-
ever, new ideas began to creep in, and
a young clergyman, thoroughly imbued
with these, was called to be the doc-
tor's assistant. "Doctor," said the
young divine one day, "I have always
been led to suppose that you were a
High Churchman, but I must confess
I don't think you are a High Church-
man at all." The doctor regarded his
young mentor for a moment in silence,
and then said, with a genial smile:
"Mr. Smith, when I first took up my
residence in Baltimore I lived 'way up
town. Now I live 'way down town,
and yet I have been living in exactly
the same house all the time."

A Happy Land.

An Easter Mishap—A Boy's Needs—
What's the Harm?

JUST when everyone is worried
to fit about Art Loan gowns
and Horse Show gowns and
Easter bonnets that wouldn't
stand a snowstorm, it seems
that a glimpse of a possible
Paradise is opened in Siam, where, one
reads, the King has issued an edict
that everyone over ten years of age
has to wear clothes! Heretofore, pre-
sumably, the wearing of clothes was
optional, and Adams and Eves of na-
ture years plentiful. But Siam's hour
of bondage has struck, and the royal
edict has gone forth that only little
folks may parade in the garb of Kip-
pling's troops who took Lung-tung-
pen (that is, not entirely naked). A shoul-
der belt and a sash, or something of
that nature, made up the regiment's
clothing, and Siamese babies must
have something on, if it's only a teath-
ing necklace or a coral. Mature men
promenaders are to be clothed from
the neck to the knees. Everyone can
locate the knees, but the neck? Well,
it goes a long way, sometimes.

"Give her a book!" growled the old
bachelor, to the young one who worried
over the choice of an Easter gift to
the lady, and the bachelor junior hid
him to the bookstore and bought a
copy of "Manners for Women," and
sent it to the lady, and now he won-
ders why she turned a glassy eye upon
him in the sanctuary when he peeped
at her on Easter morning. The bache-
lor told the bookseller he wanted a
book for his sister for an Easter gift,
and the bookseller remarked that
"Manners for Women" was having a
great sale in England just now. The
bachelor, unlucky prevaricator that he
is, caught at the Anglomaniac notion
and there you are! Had the book-
seller known that the bachelor's sister
was a figment of the imagination, re-
sults might have been more sunny on
Easter morning, but presuming upon
the fraternal attitude in vogue in
many quarters these unchivalrous
days, he opined that "Manners for
Women" would be a subtle dig at most
sisters, and why not his customer's?
It may be that the bachelor will be-
think himself and purchase a gorgeous
poetic volume, and with the brass of a
door knocker visit his best beloved and
recite to her a tale of misdirected vol-
umes, begging her exchange of the one
she got, for the one she should have
had, when all may yet be serene in
time for Horse Show treats. There's
many a tragedy with comic features
on its face, isn't there?

This afternoon I went to interest a
certain busy financial magnate in a
young chap, with intent to get the y.
c. berth in the office of the magnate.
In the course of conversation the mag-
nate asked, "Can he write short-
hand?" I regretted that he couldn't.
"Well, then," said the magnate, "he'd
better learn it immediately. The kind
of young chap we want and men like
us want is one who can write short-
hand and use the typewriter, and I
wish those public schools would adopt
 shorthand instead of lots of the useless
things they teach." The magnate is
an authority on up-to-date matters,
and it's not an hour since he said those
words. Boys, to get on nowadays,
must know shorthand if they want to
learn the business to be picked up in
our up-to-date offices.

"What's the harm?" cried a girl
impatiently, when she was reminded
that it was not quite the thing to
stand talking to a man on a business
street for fifteen minutes. The honest,
fearless, vital, young things, con-
scious of right purpose, so often cry
out, "What's the harm?" Well, let
us think it out. Every mother wishes
her girl to do credit to her training,
for it cheapens a girl immensely to
have the name of "just growing," like
Topsy, instead of having been pro-



May I trouble you for a light?



Thanks, very much—Fliegende Blätter.

perly taught, watched, guided and
guarded. It cheapens the mother also,
which ought to be a stronger check
than any other thought, to the fine,
generous, hearty, loving girls of to-
day. Girls who mentally kick up their
heels in the face of tradition and con-
ventionality don't always realize this.
If they could hear a certain remark I
sometimes hear, "Poor child, probably
she was never taught better," and
could recall the constant admonitions,
the anxious exhortations, the fervid
commands of the mothers who laid re-
straining fingers on their impulses and
tried to train their energies, I think a
quick remorse and shame would fall
upon them that they had brought
contempt upon those wise mothers.
Loads of excuses are thoughtfully
made by everyone for the motherless
girl; if she is loud or foolish or reck-
less or unamiable, the good-natured
world sighs, "Ah, she had no mother's
care," and forgives her many a false
move and silly speech. But when the
girl of to-day, whose mother is with
her still, makes breaks of every sort
in mode and word, the world says it's
largely the mother's fault. An honest
girl who thinks would generally be the
first to deny this, but the harm re-
mains, and this is one of the answers
to her impatient query, "What's the
harm?"

Another harm is that it prejudices
very nice and refined persons against
the girl, and she misses the benefit
of their friendship and counsel. A par-
ticular mother, who sees someone else's
girl chaffing young men in the restaur-
ants and on the principal streets, talk-
ing smartly in the cars, and staring
about her at concerts and theaters, is
apt to draw those impassable lines
which are so subtle and so distinct be-
tween her girls and that girl she ob-
serves. That's a good deal of harm!
Young men hear their mothers and
sisters say, "Oh, Miss— is not a nice
girl or she wouldn't do so-and-so," and
immediately Miss— is placed as
one of the girls to whom attentions
must not be markedly given, because
of the home criticism. There is the
harm. Again, if a young man has his
own ideas of what is nice in a girl
(and what young man has not?) he
never forgives the girl whose conduct
transgresses the bounds he has set.
It arouses in him an impatient con-
tempt quite inadequate to the cause
thereof, but youth is always "extreme
to mark what is done amiss." He cen-
sures her in his own mind, he criti-
cizes her at home, he finds fault with
her in unison with other young men.
Then, that young girl's name is "bad
form," and even a weather prophet
can make no mistake as to her finish.
She is gradually cheapened, neglected,
dropped, partly because men are dense
and look only on the surface, partly
because she has become a person ad-
dicted to crying defiantly, "What's the
harm?" of anything not contrary to
the laws of the land. That's a little of
the harm, and it looks quite enough,
doesn't it?

LADY GAY.

ISN'T THIS PROOF

Clear and Convincing that Dodd's
Kidney Pills Cure Diabetes?

Engineer James Graham's Case Was Pro-
nounced Incurable by a Leading
Montreal Physician—Yet Dodd's
Kidney Pills Cured It.

Montreal, P.Q., April 3.—Thick and
fast come the most convincing proofs
of the really marvelous cures of Kid-
ney Diseases, in this city, by Dodd's
Kidney Pills. Not a day passes on
which we cannot read reports of sev-
eral cures—at home, right here in
Montreal, at our own doors.

In the face of this vast mass of proof
we must believe what such an enor-
mous number of our fellow-citizens
write on the subject, viz.: That there
is no other medicine known to science
that can at all equal Dodd's Kidney
Pills as a cure for Kidney Diseases of
all types.

Many hundreds of Montreal people
have been cured of Diabetes by Dodd's
Kidney Pills, but there are in the city,
still, hundreds of other sufferers who
do not know that by using this famo-
us remedy they can be cured, posi-
tively cured, for all time and at almost
no expense.

That such is the case, let the ex-

perience of Engineer James Graham,
of No. 50 Victoria square, prove.
Mr. Graham had Diabetes for six
years. One of the most eminent of
Montreal's physicians examined him,
and informed him that his case was
beyond all aid—incurable.

No wonder the sufferer grew despon-
dent. But one day he read of a won-
derful cure of Diabetes, effected by
Dodd's Kidney Pills. He at once
bought a box and began to use them.
They caused marked improvement,
and he used two boxes more. Now he
is as healthy as he ever was, robust
and hearty.

Isn't this proof enough that Dodd's
Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes?
It ought to be, surely!

Books and Shop Talk.

IT will not surprise Canadians to
know that some of the English
papers are criticizing adversely the
rumpus made by the New
York papers over the illness
of Rudyard Kipling—not objecting to
the interest shown in the author, but
to the strange forms in which this in-
terest expressed itself. To talk of his
"marvellous fight for life," "his mag-
nificent courage" pulling him through,
his contesting "every inch with the
dread foe," is described by one London
critic as the purest journalistic flap-
doodle, such as Kipling would make
the keenest delight in pulverizing. Men
cling to life instinctively, and if to do
so is ever "marvellous" it is, this
critic says, not among the rich and
happy, but among the sordid, cold, grey
lives of the wretched poor. There has
been a great deal of flapdoodle writ-
ten about Kipling since he fell ill.
Fortunately, he is in no way charge-
able with it, and remains the most
popular of writers. In a case of this
kind, the English press can see how
the newspapers of the United States
are given to guff, but it is rather
discouraging to see the same English
press soberly valuing the very same
kind of guff when it is poured over
a subject which England does not un-
derstand.

Speaking of Kipling, it may be re-
marked that the present silence con-
cerning him and his affairs, following
upon the sensational interest shown in
him and his by the newspapers, prob-
ably indicates a sufficient return to
health on his part to permit him to
withdraw his reputation and person
from the control of his Yankee pub-
lishers.

Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Caval-
ier, is a story by Beulah Marie Dix,
dealing with the adventures of some
young fellows in the cavalry of
Prince Rupert, and published in Can-
ada by the W. J. Gage Company,
Limited. The same book is publish-
ed in England by the McMillans. Mr.
Gage has entered extensively into the
work of publishing fiction, and an-
nounces that the books to be brought
out will be of a high class. If the
Gage Fiction Series continues to possess
the merit of the first three, the read-
ing public will feel grateful. These
three are Hugh Gwyeth, by Beulah
Marie Dix; Two Men o' Mendip, by
Walter Raymond; and As a Man Sows,
by William Westall. This novel by
Mr. Westall has made quite a stir
in England, exposing, as it does,
some of the means whereby big trade
frauds are put through. The books in
the Gage series sell in cloth \$1.25,
and in paper 75c.

Meadowurst Children and Other
Tales, by Eleanor Le Seur McNaugh-
ton, is a story book for children. It
is an excellent departure from
Humpty-Dumpty nonsense on the one
hand, and those unbearable books that
are written to make theologians of
babies—books that are written by
women in whom the well-springs of
nature have dried up, and to whom
childhood is forgotten. Against this
dismal literature—as prickly with
moral admonitions as a paper of pins
—what child has not developed a re-
sentment as relative after relative,
and teacher after teacher, has contrib-
uted to the dull collection? It is the
revulsion against these that has driv-
en many a healthy boy to the secret
vice of dime novels. Mrs. McNaugh-
ton is to be congratulated upon writ-
ing a book for children that children
can read and understand. It deals
with the fun of the child-world in
simple language, taking up the class
of subjects which fathers and mothers

MONSOON TEAS
Are grown in the best tea-producing country, are plucked in the
best season, and are packed in the best way possible.
There are no teas like Monsoon Teas. All Grocers. 25, 30, 40,
50 and 60 cents per pound.

MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA

use when they tell stories to their
children. And the author does not
assume that she addresses children in
heaven darkness, or subject to dam-
ning heresies which she must over-
throw. It is an interesting book, and
its author is a resident of Quebec.

A Handsome Catalogue.

One of the prettiest bicycle cata-
logues of the season so far is that
given out by Massey-Harris. The
cover is of buff, faintly mottled, with
a tasty floral design in a silver panel.
Inside are a number of beautiful half-
tone engravings from drawings by
F. H. Bridgen. All the "points" of
the Massey-Harris machine are talk-
ed about in a way to convince a heart
of stone. The booklet is splendidly
printed, and a credit to its compilers.

Mrs. McBride-Harry, I was beside
myself at the condition you came home
in last night. Harry—Yes; it seems
to me I did see two of you.—Judge.

Jaakey Krouts—Vat was a standing
army, Fritz? Fritz—Vy, dot vos an
army dot vill shant mos' anyt'ings,
vrom canned jassack to embalmed
pig's ankle.—Life.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of
at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

Biddy McGee.—Just only nice things you
want? Well, you are very cautious, fond
of fun, a bit impatient; of details, some-
what idealistic, cheerful, plausible, quite
energetic when you think it worth while,
very determined, and not always quite
frank. You could be a first-class hum-
bug, Biddy. You have taste and sym-
pathy, and some originality.
S.D.C.—Just to fill up a gap.—Poor
Irish soul! You'll never be only that,
my woman. You are honest, courageous,
and rather generous; of firm purpose, and
decidedly constant. You can have your
own way, and you love it. You are self-
reliant, and forceful; can make the best
of circumstances; are not remarkably
tactful, and yet of very cultured taste;
but are naturally independent, happy-
tempered, and should be a popular per-
son—a friend to be depended upon.

Fisherie.—You are bright, observant,
original and magnetic, with a touch of
pessimism, and a forcible will and pur-
pose. There is perversity and erratic
impulse, and lack of imagination, taste,
many small, faulty traits, but not serious
ones. You are emphatic and somewhat
conventional, lacking any marked inspi-
ration. You might be much superior.

Lucille.—Your good wish is materializ-
ing, Lucille. Thank you; and many in
return for a jolly summer season. You
are strong, but crude; bright in percep-
tion, but not imaginative; fond of com-
pany; a bit inclined to depend upon
trial; generous, conservative, and out-
spoken.

Irish No. 2.—Firm will; practical mind;
sociable nature; honest methods, and
somewhat unadorned manners. Writer

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Think how oft you
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No lumps in it—no impurity—
and with the full strength of the
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"Salt at table" means salt
on the food you eat, and if you
wish to avoid eating impurities
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thinks, and has pretty good sequence of
ideas; judges honestly, but not always
justly; likes easy times and soft corners;
will improve with discipline and Time's
gentle office.

Cyrano de Bergerac (Winnipeg).—There
are others! Your writing has the great
lack of over-communicativeness—you
would be likely to tell all you know, and
also to speak unduly long. See how every
a and o is left wide open. Try to re-
member that life has some fences, doors,
and boundaries. There are many gracious
traits in your study, but a lack of snap,
hope and general buoyancy is observable.
You are honest, upright, deliberate, con-
ventional, logical, tenacious, contented
and adaptable. Your temper is good,
and so is your conduct.

Marquitta.—You are the strongest of
the three, but your instincts and aims are
not fully developed. At present you are
probably a whole-hearted, healthy young
animal, caring more for a good dinner
than most of life's blessings. Indiscre-
tion, crude opinions and general immatur-
ity are shown. The study is very mat-
terial, but independent, honest and prom-
ising.

Kit.—Without seeing you, my small
child, I can tell quite a deal. Your
writing isn't suitable for a study, but it
has a lot of force and character; caution
is hinted at; also bright perception, and
some cleverness.
Violet.—You are careless, easy-going,
and generous, and have a good deal
of self-assurance are shown. I really
cannot dissect you and your companions;
it is not fair until you are developed.
Day King.—A very vital and imagina-
tive person with pretty taste and a
quick perception; would be appreciative,
animated, impulsive, ambitious, almost
cheeky at times, and a trifle of knowl-
edge and clear-sightedness; some egotism,
impatience, originality, and a touch of
temper. You need but little here below,
and you'll get it all. I am a realist, and
I think. You desire success very strongly.
E.G.M.—Why did you give your private
address? You didn't surely expect me to
send you much more than a line. The
shows great imagination, nervous tension,
and a generally bright and sensitive na-
ture. You are disposed to be analytic
and critical with refined tastes and a
rather emphatic turn of mind. Intuition
rather than reason forms your convic-
tions. You have much self-respect, and
a generally neat, concentrated and artist-
ic.

Plain John.—You'll never be a prodigal.
The study shows cleverness, care, econ-
omy and a good deal of business aptness.
You see quickly and judge conscientiously;
have some pride and very strong control
of your forces. A worthy hand, which
appeals to me very strongly. There
is a possibility of much ability, latent
ambition, a critical mind,
and some reserve. The writer would
tell the truth and shame the devil.
There is no hint of sentiment, and such
would probably be carefully smothered.
You have an aim, but I fancy its realiza-
tion lingers.

Miss Rabette.—You are indeed loqua-
cious, but woe is for the lessons you
must learn to make you reticent! Well,
dear girl, you want only nice things. You
are tenacious, decided, strong in preju-
dice, and a bit self-opinionated. You will
improve if I think reticentness phases
would be a very good occupation, and I
wish you success. You have every pros-
pect of it; young, clever and very deter-
mined. For your other traits, I notice
self-reliance, some pessimism (how curi-
ous a trait for some very strong people);
a good deal of pride; a generous heart,
and a very clever mind. You ought to
make a splendid woman, Miss Rabette.
H. 2 O.—A very ambitious and somewhat
attractive study—candid, observant, order-
ly and systematic, with much regard for
appearances, and a good deal of wit.
Writer is generous, on occasion; has good
taste, and is not particularly distinguish-
ed for modesty. A nice fellow.

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The Art Loan Exhibition.

"To understand man, we must look beyond the individual man, and his actions or interests, and view him in connection with his fellows,"—Carlyle.

THE Portrait Exhibition abounds in interest. This interest is two-fold, historical and artistic. Necessarily there is overlapping, and to fully appreciate the display, and to derive from it all it contains, is a serious and prolonged study. Its subject matter is the most fruitful that it is possible to gather together, for "man is the nobler growth of his realm supply." The multiplicity of its sources, their widely differing interests, make it of value to a very great number of people. The different phases of art represented, and the development portrayed make it a delightful study to the art lover. To enumerate, with any degree of minuteness, all, or even a large part, of what it contains and give proofs of the merits of each, would require more space than the matter in this paper covers weekly, or for several weeks. Consequently, it cannot be embodied in a column or two. To dissect it intelligently means also to view it from the two different standpoints, to do either of which would be a voluminous task.

In portraiture, in oils, there are many honorable and well-known subjects, among whom are Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, first Governor of Upper Canada; Lord Colborne, Lord Sydenham, Lord Seaton, Sir Francis Bond-Head, Colonel Denison, Major-General Jarvis, Colonel Durie, Sir Francis Gore, Bishop Strachan, Bishop Otter, Norman B. McBeth, Hon. Beverley Robinson, Sir George Kirkpatrick, Sir Oliver Mowat, a group of ecclesiastics from St. Michael's College, Charles II., Oliver Cromwell, Sir Walter Scott, Raphael, George Washington, and many other celebrities interesting to visitors. For the rest of the gentlemen celebrities we must refer you to the catalogue, where you will find many more in the several departments. If we will learn who are the celebrated and who the merely notorious, and why they are so, and cultivate a spiritual and mental fellowship with the justly distinguished, this exhibition will be a fine thing for the country, socially.

Women celebrities are scarcer. Why? I wonder? Rest assured, every good man there had some good woman to thank for his greatness. Some good masters are represented in the women's portraits. Princess Henrietta, by Sir Peter Lely; Mrs. Scott Siddons, by Lawrence; Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, by Collier; a sweet child, a painting full of golden light, by Owen, loaned with others by Senator Drummond, of Montreal; a child, by Hoppner, fashionable painter in his day; a little child with a lamb, said to be by Raeburn; and a dainty, refined lady, by Martin Raeburn's master, Marie de Voss, by Balkhausen; a Wilkie, a Godfrey Kneller, and a Jules Goupil; an old American portrait of Mrs. Harvey; a group of mother and two children said to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds. All these are worthy of special attention, as are others of early date. In these early works one cannot but be struck with the dignity, the repose, the sweetness, expressed in the subject, the evident self-respect and appreciation of the nobility of his art in the painter. Much of the modern work, on the contrary, betrays all the fussiness, the prevailing striving for effect, the irresponsible flippancy to be found in this brand-new country. This is not all due to lack of nobility of purpose in the artist, but is more or less the reflex influence of our present social conditions, on artist and subject.

In the work of the local artists in oils, Miss Muntz's portrait of Miss Hawley, which obtained honorable mention in a Paris salon, is neither fussy nor flippant, but full of dignity and sweetness of character, easy in pose, and having an artistic value of light and shade. A bright little girl is by the same artist, and a portrait of Mrs. Elliott; "L'Allegro," by A. Dickson Patterson, contains the quality which, to our mind, distinguishes his work from all others, viz.: a musical quality, sweet, true, powerful. E.

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will lighten labor, and a little paint judiciously applied will brighten things up wonderfully.

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Wyly Grier is represented by Miss Cawthra, Mrs. E. Wyly Grier, and others, in which is conscientious and substantial work. J. W. L. Forster is well represented. No artist succeeds better than Mr. Forster, judging by this display, in giving back a faithful reflection of the image of his subject. More than one critic has said to me regarding his portrait of Miss Thompson: "It is a very harmonious canvas and good work." F. McGillivray Knowles has not confined himself to portraiture, but studies continuously and conscientiously the human figure and excels therein. A young lady is by G. A. Reid, who is giving himself, in the meantime, to decorative work.

The water color and pastel exhibit is not large. Some of its good bits are the two heads by Lenbach, seemingly breathed on the paper, not drawn; a portrait of Mrs. Gamble, a concentrated essence of the graces of dignity and sweetness; two or three excellent portraits loaned by Miss Spurr; Mrs. Cochran of Balfour, by Blake Wirgman; several good things loaned by Lady Gzowski, Lady Edgar, Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. L. Smith, and others. Miss Hawley, Miss Tully, Miss Hagarty and Miss McConnell are also represented. There are numerous little treasures of water colors in the miniature cases also.

The Indian exhibit is small, we are sorry to say. We are told that to the Hon. G. W. Allan is the credit of having stored away in earlier times a collection of the paintings of Paul Kane—paintings of typical Indian character and life. All honor to the gentlemen gifted with sufficient prophetic vision to see the relative historical value to our nation of these the real pioneers of our country. There will be a great scurrying around some day, soon perhaps, by historical societies, it may be, trying to resurrect something which should never have been buried, and of whose value some idea is beginning to be felt, viz.: the Indian life and character in portraiture.

The engravings, arranged under the guiding hands of two such iconographers as Dr. Brookman and Allan Cassels, are very good. Being limited to portraiture, there is not the variety, of course, which it was possible to secure had the subject admitted of it. Wood engravings, the earliest, are few. Of line engraving there are several good examples, of which are "The Death of Wolfe," by Woollett, who took four months to effect some slight change in the original design required by Benjamin West; a portrait of Spencer Percival, by Skelton; Gerard de Montras and Madame de Valliere, by Edelinck; Raphael, by Morghen, after Raphael; a Sybil, the first attempt to introduce such work into American art; a portrait of Elliston, the actor, by Bond; and Godfrey Kneller.

The mezzotints are numerous, and are by such as Clint, Dunkarton, Wilson, Valentine Green, John Jones, Fry, and others. An excellent etching of Shakespeare is by Hameng; an etching and engraving after Rembrandt is by J. W. Kiser. The loans in this department are chiefly from the collections of Dr. Brookman, Allan Cassels, Huson Murray, and John Ross Robertson.

There are some good lithographs of delicate workmanship. The silhouettes are very interesting, as showing what character and individuality is possible with such a limited medium. We recommend pressmen to consider the caricatures. The notorious skit on the Royal Academy, which was smothered in its infancy, is there, and several others of college fame. A general lament is heard all through the art world over the decline of original engravings. Commerce has made it subservient to itself, and the method which will reproduce most quickly and bring in largest returns, is most in vogue.

The collection of that most delicate portraiture, miniature painting, is large and excellent. Three regal beauties, Marie Antoinette, Marie Leckzenska, and Elizabeth of Russia, loaned by Mrs. Hugh MacDonald, are worthy of special notice. A portrait of Mrs. Edward Shaw (1850); one of Hon. William Allen (1840), two miniatures loaned by Gibson Cassels, and two of the early American school, loaned by Mrs. H. H. Humphrey, are also some of the many meritorious ones. This is a dainty exhibit and full of interest. Of medals and medallions, marking great deeds accomplished by appropriate symbols, epochs in history worth remembering, Masonic, exhibition, temperance, jubilee, souvenirs of places, educational and war medals, there are many.

A unique collection is of portraits in wax on glass, of which there are twenty-three of historical characters of the end of last century. There are various curios, also, each with a tale to tell.

Photography is well represented and of double interest, both from the standpoint of the development of the art, and from the interest attaching to the individuals represented.

The photographs of the Graeco-Egyptian portraits, and the heads from the Pompeian fresco, are of unusual interest. The Braum-Carbon types, loaned by Mrs. B. E. Walker, are delightful studies. Matthews, Roberts, and Petersen are all well represented.

Daguerreotypes abound, and are of private and public interest.

Some local photography is very artistic, revealing the effort to overcome

School Girls' Nerves

What a study this picture affords to every mother of growing daughters!

Is your daughter to be pale, weak and nervous?

Is she to fill an early grave or drag out an existence of misery?

Or is she to be healthy, plump and rosy, the hope of her parents, the joy of her husband, and the happy mother of healthy children?

Very much depends on how her health is at the time when she crosses the threshold of womanhood. This trying period comes at a time when she is undergoing the greatest strain in other ways. Just when she is growing most rapidly; just when she is over-exerting her mind with her studies and is over-anxious to rank high at examinations, there comes the drain on the system caused by the new functions of the feminine organs, which are just beginning to assert themselves.

Mothers, if your darling daughter is of any account, as you love her and would render her lovely and happy through all her future life, see that she passes through this trying ordeal just right. Don't wait until she becomes languid, pale and nervous, complains of pains in the stomach after meals and suffers with dragging down feelings. Begin early by fortifying her system against these symptoms.

The difficulty is to supply the body with sufficient nourishment to restore the millions of nerve cells which are daily exhausted, and to keep the blood rich and pure. It would seem impossible to conceive of any preparation better suited to this purpose than DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, the last and greatest prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase. A remedy which restores and revitalizes wasted brain and nerve cells, and creates new, rich blood.

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Restores the color to the cheek and the brightness to the eye of the pale, languid school girl. It helps her over the trying period and gives her the strength and vitality necessary to develop into a plump, healthy woman.

For pale, weak, nervous girls and women there is no treatment to be compared to that of feeding the nerves on Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It so strengthens the nerves as to give them full control of the delicate feminine organism, and prevent and cure the irregularities on which woman's health so largely depends. It gives to the body the plumpness and vitality which makes women most admired.

50 cts. a box, at all dealers; or by mail, along with a copy of Dr. Chase's new book, "The Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," by Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Try these Pure Malt Beverages made from specially selected new grain and hops—the best obtainable for years—uniting the strength of the best Malt Extracts with the palatableness of a fine Ale.

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor **COAL**. That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fire ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order? **P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East**

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BREWERS AND MALSTERS
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The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

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For Health and Beauty of the SKIN.
Tender Skin.
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the limitations of its medium in producing work of art value. Those by Mr. Lyonde, among whom are Mrs. F. G. Cox, Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Eber Ward, and other prominent ladies, combine delicacy and softness with much brilliancy in treatment, and display a true knowledge of posing. The frames displayed with this collection are particularly striking.

We do not think for a moment of having given here any adequate idea of the amount of material, nor the art merit of what the exhibition contains. To us it is an encyclopaedia, to be studied, and of which a knowledge cannot be gained in a day or two. It is not often such an opportunity for comparisons, and for historical and art knowledge, is so ready to hand. All to whom self-culture presents any charm at all, will make use of and value its opportunities.

JEAN GRANT.

Some Telephone Fun.

YORKSHIRE clergyman was in Leeds on one of the recent cold mornings, says an English paper, and desiring to call upon a parishioner whose house is some miles off, he stepped into the office of another parishioner with the intention of calling up the other man by telephone, and finding out how long he would be in his office, the pastor not relishing the idea of the long walk in the piercing cold. But the second parishioner was not in. His office boy had the big room all to himself.

"My lad," said the pastor, "I wish you would call up Mr. Dash, and ask how long he will be in his office, and if he isn't there find out when he will be in. My fingers are so cold I don't think I could hold the receiver."

"Yes, sir," said the polite boy.

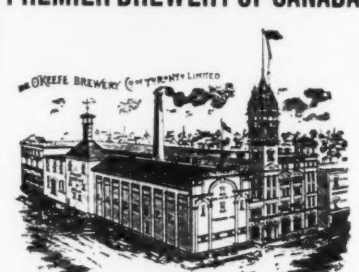
"Who shall I say wants to know?"

"Rev. Mr. Blank," replied the pastor, as he drew up a chair beside the gas stove.

Pretty soon he heard the boy say: "Is this leventhoughtsteennought?"

There was a brief silence. Then the boy went on: "Yes, yes, I've got 'em—Hullo! Is the governor in?—What's that?—Who's this talking? Why, it's the Rev. Mr. Blank. No, Blank—Blank, Blank, Blank—What's the matter with you, Lizzie? This is the Rev. Mr. Blank! Got it? Don't get funny, girlie. What do I want to know? I asked you that half an hour ago. Is the old man in? Who is it talking? Well, I'll be jiggered! Now, take the wool out of your ears, Mabel, and do a little listenin'. This is the Rev. Mr. Blank! Oh, you've got it now, have you, birdie? So kind of you—yes, yes, I'll forgive you this once. Now, agitate your Cinderellas

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One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 35 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Limited

into the old man's office, and see if he's there. Yes, tell him the Rev. Mister Blank is at the 'phone and wants to know if he's out. Don't be idlin' round when there's souls to save. Look sharp, if you aren't—"

At this point the pastor got so flustered, "Stop a minute, my boy," he beseechingly cried.

But the boy waved him aside.

"I'm getting him," he said.

Then he turned back to the 'phone. "Who's this?" he cried. "Who? Mr. Bunner? I don't want you—yes, this is the Rev. Mister Blank. Blank, Blank, Blank—Who's swearing? Don't get fresh, Bunner. Yes, Rev. Mister Blank. Yes, Reverend. Preacher, you know; be good—go to church—Friday evening! prayer-meetin'. Go it? Yes, this is him. Is old Dash in? There, don't get gay. What's that? Won't be back for three months? Well, that's all. Yes, it's quite enough. Funny Bunner. By-by."

And the boy slammed the receiver into its hooks. Then he turned to the perspiring clergyman and deferentially remarked, "Mr. Dash has just stepped out, sir, and won't be back for three months."

After this the worthy pastor will endeavor, whenever possible, to do his own telephoning.

"We didn't have time to stop, so we bought a lunch and ate it as we drove along." "Ah, I see—you dined in a car."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Tom—Why were you so determined to kiss that homely cousin of yours? Dick—I wanted to establish a precedent. She has two very pretty sisters, you know.—Judge.



MUSIC

A NUMBER of musicians representing the teaching profession of the Province of Ontario held a convention on Easter Monday in St. George's Hall and organized themselves into an association with the name The Associated Musicians of Ontario. The proceedings were characterized by the utmost harmony and good feeling, and not a single hitch occurred to mar the satisfaction felt at the outcome of the deliberations. It is worthy of note that the Toronto representatives showed themselves anxious to meet the wishes of the profession in other cities of the province in every possible way, and in the scheme of examinations which was finally adopted refrained from pressing any point which it might be thought would in the future tend to the special benefit of the profession of this city at the expense of the outside sections. Mr. A. S. Vogt occupied the chair and commanded the confidence of the meeting throughout. The articles of the constitution define the objects of the organization to be as follows: To admit to membership duly qualified professional musicians, to endeavor to provide opportunities for personal and friendly intercourse between the members of the society, and for the discussion of all matters relating to music and musicians. To promote whatever may tend to the elevation of the status of all members of the musical profession, or aid the musical education of the people. To promote the culture of music as an educational and civilizing influence of the highest order, and to encourage musical composition by the performance of the works of members at meetings held by the society. To hold examinations when and where required under the auspices of the University of Toronto, and thus to afford a stimulus to the proper and progressive study of music in all its branches. The other articles are too long to reproduce in this column, but it will be sufficient to say that they are modeled after the constitution of the Incorporated Society of Musicians of the Mother Country. It was provided that the society should be divided into four sections, as follows: London, Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa; that each section with from eight to twenty members should elect one delegate to the general council, with from twenty to forty members two delegates, and with forty or more members three delegates. By this arrangement no one section can dominate in the general council. The committee appointed at the meeting at the Queen's Hotel was appointed the general council provisionally, and arrangements were made for the meetings of the sectional councils and of the general council. The provisional council was authorized in the meantime to make every effort to establish the examinations contemplated and to prepare a syllabus in connection with the University. The examinations will be in three grades—primary, junior and senior—and the standard of each will be higher than that of corresponding grades in England. The following sectional committees were appointed to perfect organization in their respective districts: London, Messrs. Barron, Hewlett, St. John, Hyttenrauch, Featherston and Martin; Hamilton, Messrs. Harris, Aldous, Alexander, Boyes and Andrews; Toronto, Messrs. Vogt, Fairclough, Weltsman, Howard, McNally; Ottawa, Messrs. Birch, Puddicombe, Jenkins and Dr. Saunders. Mr. S. T. Church was elected general secretary and treasurer. The Association have been careful to remove the only possible objection which might be advanced against their examinations, by providing that no examiner will be permitted to examine in his own section. To illustrate, Toronto candidates will be examined by examiners from the Hamilton, London and Ottawa sections. Under such a regulation it will be extremely unlikely that a candidate will be examined by his own teacher.

The accomplished solo pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreno, who had been so long absent from Toronto that she was in danger of being forgotten, was the principal attraction of the Massey Hall concert on Tuesday night, when she re-appeared before an audience of about fourteen hundred people. Her programme included the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven, the Liszt transcription of Paganini's La Clochette, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, Schubert's Impromptu, op. 112, No. 2, and Liszt's Sonnet de Petrarca. The Beethoven work was rather coldly received, but the result may be attributed more to the fact that it is still caviare to the general public, rather than to any insipidity in the performance. The Schubert number was charmingly played, the features being beauty of tone and delicacy of effects. The artist's magnetic temperament was first asserted in the Paganini-Liszt, which she rendered with fire and dash, and with a spontaneity that gave the impression of being governed by the inspiration of the moment. As a technical achievement it was quite a tour de force, and the audience lost their judicial attitude in a wave of enthusiasm. Mme. Carreno's vivacity and elan, and her volubility and impetuosity were conspicuous in the Rhapsody. The ever-varying moods so characteristic of gypsy music were faithfully reflected in her interpretation, and the work made a brilliant and effective coda to her selections. Mme.

Carreno was assisted by Mr. Evan Williams, the New York tenor, who had been heard in Toronto on previous occasions, and whose pleasing voice and sentiment won him a repetition of his former successes, and Miss Ruby Shea, contralto, of Hamilton, a pupil of Mr. Schuch, and the winner of last year's gold medal for singing at Loretto Abbey. Miss Shea has a beautiful voice, sympathetic and equal, and she won a pronounced triumph by her finished interpretation of Schira's Sogno, in which her unaffected expression and smoothness of style showed to advantage.

Mme. Carreno's advertising agent got a rather severe snub on Monday from the artist. Most people must have noticed the posters advertising the appearance of Mme. Carreno, in which she was described as "the lioness of the piano," a title which provoked ridicule and was, if anything, damaging to the soloist's reputation in the estimation of the community. It seems that Mme. Carreno was very much incensed upon hearing of the indiscretion of her agent and peremptorily telegraphed to have the word "lioness" eliminated from the announcements. Mme. Carreno is a lady of strong mentality, and her instructions could not be disregarded, and accordingly on Monday and Tuesday men were seen going about the city carefully pasting over the objectionable word. The incident has its humorous side, of course, but it is high time that the exotic imagination of advertising and press agents should be restrained by a bridle. In the case of Sauer, his success in the United States was seriously endangered at the outset by the sensational methods of his manager and agent.

The pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy will give a vocal recital on Monday evening in the concert hall of the Conservatory of Music. A most interesting programme of oratorio, opera and ballad selections will be given. Miss Mabel Thomson, soprano, Mr. Anger, and others will assist.

The receipts of the recent opera season in New York at the Metropolitan Theater amounted to \$800,000. The expenditure is set down at \$700,000, leaving a profit of \$100,000, as the result of 117 performances, which include the Sunday night concerts. The total attendance is returned at 250,000.

M. Paul Puget has composed a Shakespearean opera entitled *Beauclaud de Brui* pour Rien, the translation of Much Ado About Nothing, rather an unfortunate name for an opera, as it will give rise to many sharp witticisms at the author's expense. The librettist is M. Edouard Blau, who, it seems, has followed the lines of the comedy pretty closely. The work, which was produced in Paris on the 24th of March, obtained a fairly favorable reception. M. Puget, who is admitted to be an accomplished musician, has, it is said, treated the text very felicitously in many respects. The orchestration is often charming, as might be expected from a disciple of Gounod and Massenet. The wedding scene, with its solemn chorale music, its imposing organ strains and swelling march, is described as happily designed, and there is considerable animation in the rollicking music allotted to Borachio, the best developed character in the work. While the librettist, as already said, has followed Shakespeare's design, the general impression of the opera is of sentiment and character is different from that of the comedy. In the opera the first passage of arms of Benedick and Beatrice is carried on during the dancing of a ballet and the singing of a chorus, so that the dialogue is lost and the audience are practically left in ignorance of the real state of affairs. We are told, moreover, that the carrying out of the plot to make the sharp-tongued rivals imagine that they are in love with each other is arranged in such a way that they are on opposite sides of the stage while Don Pedro and Leonato are talking at them, and an opportunity is thus given for an ingeniously constructed concerted piece. But from this point Benedick and Beatrice are treated seriously, the characters of Dogberry and Verges are cut out altogether, and in the closing scene Hero, laid out for dead, returns to consciousness in time to marry Claudio. These "improvements" will certainly arouse much adverse criticism should the opera be brought out in England.

Mr. William Reed, the recently appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's church, commenced the duties of his new position on Easter Sunday. The accession of Mr. Reed to the ranks of our professional community will no doubt be cordially welcomed. He has the reputation of being an accomplished musician, a skilful organist and a composer of merit. He was born in Montreal and educated at the School of St. John the Evangelist. He had a precocious talent for music, and became organist of the church when only fourteen years of age. He was subsequently sent to Oxford, where he studied arts and music, and there succeeded in winning a scholarship of £100 in competition with thirty candidates, which gave him the position of organist of Keble College. Upon returning to Montreal he was appointed organist of the Church of St. James the Apostle in 1882, and in 1884 became organist of St. Peter's church, Sherbrooke. From 1888 until his departure for Toronto he filled the position

of organist at the American Presbyterian church in Montreal. On Sunday evening, after the service, Mr. Reed gave a short recital, playing among other things Bach's celebrated fugue in G minor, which he gave altogether from memory. Mr. Reed is well pleased with the organ of St. Andrew's, and says that it is a capital instrument for fugal and ecclesiastical music.

London Truth seems at last to have hit the vital point of the objections to the Associated Board's scheme of Canadian examinations. It says in its issue of March 16—"If the Paris Conservatoire or the Berlin High School attempted to introduce examinations into England on the ground that the Associated Board's examinations were poor, we in this country would protest very strongly against it, and Mr. Aitken would be the very first to characterize foreign interference as sheer impudence. He does not seem to see that the analogous case of his own invasion of Canada is equally impertinent." This is the case in a nutshell. Canadian musicians object to interference with their system of musical education, whether such interference comes from Imperial or foreign organizations.

Next Monday evening, April 10, a concert will be given at West Association Hall by pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music, Mr. W. O. Forsyth director. The design is to exemplify the work of teachers in various grades. Diversity of solo and concerted numbers is offered, and the event promises to be very interesting. On the following Wednesday evening Miss Abbie M. Helmer, pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, and Miss Bertha Rogers, pupil of Miss Amy R. Jaffray, will repeat, at the Metropolitan School of Music, the piano and song recital recently given down town, and which was so favorably commented upon.

At St. Simon's church next Sunday the Easter music will be repeated. At evening song Tour's Christ Our Passover will be sung, also the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D by the same composer. This work forms quite a test for a boys' choir on account of the high range of voice required and the difficulty of the part-writing. It gave great satisfaction by its performance on Sunday, as, though difficult, it is extremely melodious.

That popular organization, the Sherlock Male Quartette, has been kept busy this season filling numerous engagements both within and outside of this city. Recent engagements have been London, Oshawa and Kingston, and in each case the local press speaks in most flattering terms of the programme given by Mr. Sherlock and his colleagues. The following is from the Kingston *Whip*: "The quartette was well balanced and shaded exquisitely. Foreign professional quartettes have seldom done better in that hall. The Drum March and Sweet and Low especially were artistically rendered, while The Bill of Fare was a fine test of application and thoroughness. The Old Kentucky Home appealed to all hearts because of the sympathetic rendering. In all of the six pieces they were heartily applauded. The encore pieces were equally well received. Everyone was delighted with this Canadian quartette and it may come back again for a hearty welcome."

The many friends of Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy will be pleased to learn that she is to give a song recital on April 11 in Guild Hall. The programme is carefully selected, and among numbers from many of the favorite composers there are a couple of bright compositions by Woodman, whose songs, though not yet very well known here, are excellent and will no doubt attract some attention. Mrs. Kennedy will be assisted by Miss Gertrude Hughes, elocutionist, Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Mrs. Edward Faulds, pianist.

Mr. Rechab Tandy recently appeared in a concert in Tweed, Ont. Of his singing the Tweed *Weekly News* says: "Mr. Tandy, who was very warmly received by the audience, was persistently re-demanded upon each appearance. He has a rich, well trained and powerful tenor voice, is clear and distinct in his enunciation, and sings with feeling and expression that is seldom excelled. Miss Huyck, who was one of Mr. Tandy's pupils at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has a very sweet soprano voice, over which she has perfect control, and sings with apparent ease. She richly deserved the applause with which all her numbers were greeted."

The attempt of the Associated Board to engineer a "corner" in sheet music in Canada appears, so far as Toronto and the province generally are concerned, to have ended in a most lamentable fizzle. An enquiry at Whaley & Royce's has revealed the fact that although that firm has on its books about five thousand accounts with teachers and dealers in all parts of the Dominion, not a single request for the Board's merchandise has been received by them. Miss Huston, who has charge of the retail department of the Ashdown Music Company, makes the same report, and Nordheimer's jocularly announce that they have disposed of the entire consignment of the Board's music recently received "on sale" from Mr. Aitken—"to Mr. Aitken himself," who gathered in his unsold stock previous to his recent departure from this wicked city. Mr. Aitken, by the way, has made no reference to the Board's music "corner" in his brilliant "pamphlet," which was issued several days ago.

Cards are out for an interesting evening to be given by violin pupils of Mr. John Bayley at the College of Music, Pembroke street, on Monday evening next, April 10.

The recital given in the Conservatory Music Hall on the evening of March 24 by piano and organ pupils of Miss Dallas passed off most successfully, and the various numbers on the judiciously arranged programme were well received. The following pupils took part: Miss Olivia MacBrien, Miss Hattie Turk, Miss

Louie Cornell, Miss Dora Dowler, Miss Grace McCausland, Miss Maude O'Halloran, Miss Alice Sampson, Miss Ethyl Ross, Miss Edith Crittenden, Miss Eleanor Cannon, Miss Edith Truesdale, Miss Beatrice Smith, Miss Mabel Chew and Miss Alice Kemp. The assistance rendered by Miss Louie Fulton, violin pupil of Mrs. Adamson, Miss Edythe Hill, vocal pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, and Mr. R. K. MacIntosh, vocal pupil of Miss Reynolds, was much appreciated.

The pupils of the Conservatory School of Elocution gave a most interesting exhibition of physical culture exercises in the Conservatory Music Hall on the evening of March 23. The programme comprised a ring drill, wand drill, doll drill, club-swinging, etc., and some very artistic, effective poses which were formed in several groups and participated in by some thirty young ladies of the school. Miss Nellie Berryman, under whose direction the programme was given, is to be congratulated upon the successful carrying out of so many intricate details. Those constituting the different figures and drills were relieved at intervals by readings, songs and violin music in which the following pupils took part: Miss Frances Crosby, vocal pupil of Miss Reynolds; Mr. E. A. Coulthard, vocal pupil of Mr. Tandy; Miss Louie Fulton, violin pupil of Mrs. Adamson; Miss Gertrude Hughes and Mr. Frank Kennedy of the Elocution School.



One does not ordinarily look for pathos in an advertisement, yet what a tale might not an imaginative writer weave out of an advertisement which appears in a Toronto paper. It tells simply of a widow's bonnet and veil being for sale.—*Ex.*

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Examinations will be held as follows:
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The Practical—Between the 10th and 30th June.
The exact dates will be duly announced.
Entries close on May 1st.
All information, syllabus, forms of entry, etc., can be obtained of the Hon. Local Representatives in each center, or from the Central Office, Room 505, Board of Trade Building, Montreal.
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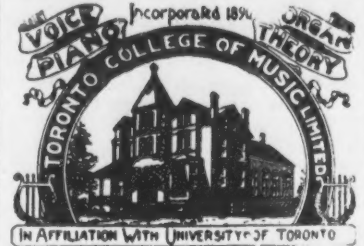
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Social and Personal.

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Miss Wade of London, England, is the
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Mr. Richard Teskey of Bradstreet's
Company and Mrs. Teskey went to Van-
couver, B. C., last week, where they will
reside for the future. Mrs. Byron Nichol-
son is spending six weeks in Bermuda.

Mrs. Neville Parker gives a tea on Wed-
nesday of Horse Show week. Miss Amy
Douglas gave an informal tea on Wednes-
day in honor of her guest, Miss Amy Pat-
erson of St. Catharines.

The engagement of Miss Lillian Hender-
son, a student of St. Hilda's College, and
daughter of Mr. John B. Henderson of
Paris, and Mr. David Crombie, manager
of the Quebec Bank at Thorold, is an-
nounced.

A dinner was given at the National
Club to Dr. Drummond on Wednesday
evening, when the jolly Irishman was the
life of the feast. By the way, Dr. Drum-
mond is immensely taken with the Por-
trait Loan Exhibition, and had not words
to express his interest and his compre-
hension of its value. "It is a splendid
thing. Is there a day for those who
cannot afford tickets?" was one of his
queries. The great heart of the man is in
touch with humanity, so that its needs
are always appealing to him, and it seems
that he has chosen his life's work for the
good of everyone. His abounding vitality,
calm, strong manner, rich voice, and
bright, receptive mind make up an ideal
personality for a physician.

Mrs. and Miss Madeline Gooderham of
506 Sherbourne street will receive next
Monday for the last time before Miss
Gooderham's marriage. Many of the
bride-elect's friends will enjoy a last chat
with her, as Miss Gooderham's future
home will be on the West Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Meron are in town, the
guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, and
were at the Portrait Loan on Tuesday
evening. Mrs. Meron looks very sweet
and happy, and has fortunately quite
recovered from her late serious illness.

Rev. Dr. Thomas has been confined to
bed with quinsy.

Inspector James L. Hughes gives a lec-
ture at Rosedale school this afternoon on
Dickens. This lecture is one of several
on the same fruitful theme which Mr.
Hughes has prepared but has not before
given in Toronto. It deals with Dickens
as a worshipper of child-life.

On Tuesday evening the portrait of the
late Principal Kirkland was unveiled at
the Normal School by Inspector McLe-
land of Hamilton in presence of a crowd
of admirers of the late respected Principal.

A very beautiful selection of songs will
be sung by Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy
at her concert in Guild Hall next Tuesday
evening. The Daisy's Secrets, Stars, Vi-
olets, Lullaby, Dezza's May Morning,
Thou'rt Like a Lovely Flower, The Swal-
lows, You Called to Me, A Red Red Rose
and An Open Secret are the songs.

Mr. George Sweet, whose fame as a voice
cultarist is world-wide, says of Miss
Heintzman, who is now studying in New
York, "I am sure she will in time make a
fine artist. She is doing some surprisingly
good work, and her voice and improve-
ment are the talk of my class." This is no
doubt most gratifying to Miss Heintzman's
parents, and will be read with pleasure by
her many Toronto friends.

Japanese night on Wednesday was an
artistic success at the Portrait Loan Ex-
hibition. Many of the Geisha girls fitted
their quaint coiffures to a nicety, and the
dear wee mites who danced so cunningly
were much applauded. The decorative
effect was wonderfully good; trellises of
cherry blossoms and vines were built over
the stage, and in the tea-room the same
characteristic decoration was enhanced by
the picturesque and fantastic lanterns,
fans and umbrellas. Mrs. Willie Galbraith
and Mrs. Widmer Hawke had charge
of the Geishas and were the prettiest of
the party. A tiny six-year old Geisha,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin,
was the admired of all admirers, and in-
nocently outraged Japanese proprieties by
letting herself be kissed by more than
one baby-worshipper, for, you know, kiss-
ing is the Japanese forbidden fruit. On
Thursday evening Mrs. Leverich and Mrs.
Cox chaperoned the German tea garden,
and a party of lovely frauleins from Alsace
were the attendants. Last evening was

children's night, when the "not-outs"
frolicked.

German in Five Weeks.

Fraulein Pauline Holtermann will
begin a five weeks' course in German on
Wednesday, April 12. In these classes
you learn to speak, read and write Ger-
man in five weeks. Each student may
take two trial lessons free of charge. [For
further particulars apply to Fraulein
Holtermann, 31 Wilcox street. This will
probably be her last class in Toronto.

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garments will more than prove the truth
of this in an inspection of the very exclu-
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Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin
Block, is showing for this season's trade.
He is showing some unique dressy novelties
in suitings which gentlemen will not find
anywhere else in the city, and he also
makes a special feature of importing single-
suit lengths in very high-class goods. This
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becoming common, and, as he has proved
in former seasons, an idea which is taken
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18th and May 2nd and 16th, 15 days allowed on
going journey, and tickets must be executed
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or Fridays, not later than 21 days from date of
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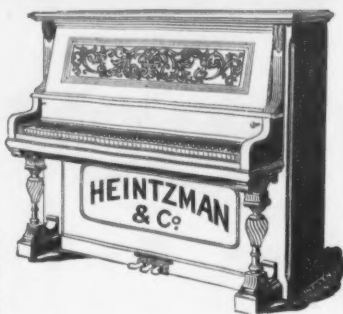
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that the flesh of the animal partakes of this vicious excitement in varying degrees. If this is so may it not be that many a vicious human character is traceable to this cause?

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Social and Personal.

Mr. W. R. Brook returned to Toronto on Good Friday. Mrs. and the Misses Brook are wintering in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy are going next week to Atlantic City, where the Premier will enjoy a needed rest.

Miss Helen Mathews, who has resigned her position as assistant directress of the New York Hospital, arrived home at Easter and is spending the month of April with her parents in Gerard street.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Dillford Moore and Miss Bertha Orr were married. Rev. J. C. Madill being the officiating minister, at the residence of Mr. George Orr, in Lippincott street. Miss Letitia Norris was bridesmaid and petite Miss Edna Orr was maid of honor. Mr. Victor Moore of Woodstock, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Dillford Moore will spend the honeymoon in the north and will reside in Lindsay.

Everyone who has read Gilbert Parker's *Battle of the Strong* was unusually thrilled by the awful wreck of the *Stella* last week, as Mr. Parker gives a most graphic word-picture of the dangerous and rocky locality in which she met her doom. Such details impress everyone and are most interesting.

Lady Tilley and Miss Winifred Howland are the guests of Miss Tilley.

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Births.

McMURTRY—March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McMurry, 181 John street—a son.
MAGNUSON—Ottawa, April 3, Mrs. P. J. C. Macdonnell—a son.
LINDSAY—April 1, Mrs. Norman Lindsay—a son.
AUSTEN—March 27, Mrs. James Austen—a son.
REID—March 26, Mrs. S. F. Reid—a daughter.
MITCHELL—March 18, Mrs. J. C. Mitchell—a son.
FIRTH—March 27, Mrs. J. E. Firth—a son.
KERR—March 26, Mrs. Charles W. Kerr—a daughter.
MITCHELL—March 28, Mrs. Wm. G. Mitchell—a son.
BEASLEY—March 31, Mrs. H. H. Beasley—a son.
RUSSELL—March 31, Mrs. Ed. Russell—a daughter.
HAMILTON—March 31, Mrs. J. J. Hamilton—a daughter.
ARDAGH—April 2, Mrs. Charles O. Ardagh—a daughter.
PRINGLE—Wingham, Ont., March 3, Mrs. W. D. Pringle—a daughter.

Marriages.

McEWAN—GORRIE—April 3, Harry McEwan to Lizzie Gorrie.
McGIBBON—BUTLER—March 23, George Frederick McGibbon to Catharine Butler.
HAY—BRUCE—April 1, C. H. Hay to Mrs. Georgina A. Bruce.
CHANT—BUTLER—April 5, C. W. Chant to Minnie J. Butler.
SHELDRAKE—SHAW—April 4, Sparham Sheldrake to Marie Thompson Shaw.
COBURN—LASH—April 4, J. H. Coburn of Walkerton, to Carrie Lash of Toronto.
RHOOT—CALLIGHEY—April 4, John Grant Rhoot of Toronto, to Alice Mabel Callighen of Barrie.
WILLIAMS—NOBLE—April 1, Robert Williams to Martha Matilda Noble.

Deaths.

ARNOT—William Arnot, aged 89.
STEWART—March 29, Mrs. Anna Marie Stewart, aged 89.
WOODS—March 23, ex-Ald. John Woods, aged 67.
DOUST—March 29, Mrs. Joseph Doust, aged 88.
JENNY—March 30, Mrs. John Jenny.

HILDON—March 28, Albert Ernest Hildon, aged 27.
GOLDSTONE—April 2, Lillian W. Goldstone, aged 21.
INGLES—April 2, John Ingles, aged 76.
JONES—April 1, Mrs. Henry Jones, aged 47.
MASTERS—April 1, John Masters, aged 47.
MONTGOMERY—March 31, Edward Montgomery, formerly of Quebec, aged 82.
PATERSON—April 2, George Paterson, aged 82.
POSTLETHWAITE—April 2, Francis W. H. Postlethwaite, aged 30.
MULLEY—April 1, Mrs. Thomas Mulley, aged 72.
McLAUGHLIN—April 2, Mrs. Mary McLaughlin, aged 87.
CARMICHAEL—April 2, Mrs. Donald Carmichael, aged 32.
HUNTER—April 2, R. J. Hunter, aged 58.
SMITH—April 3, ex-Ald. Thomas Smith, aged 82.
WATTS—April 3, John G. Watts, aged 58.
DEWITT—New York, Albert E. Dewitt of Toronto, aged 34.
MITCHELL—April 4, Mrs. Robert Mitchell, aged 76.
RAY—April 2, Mrs. Jane Ray.
SCOTT—April 3, Susan Scott.
HOLYOUD—March 21, Clement Holyoud.